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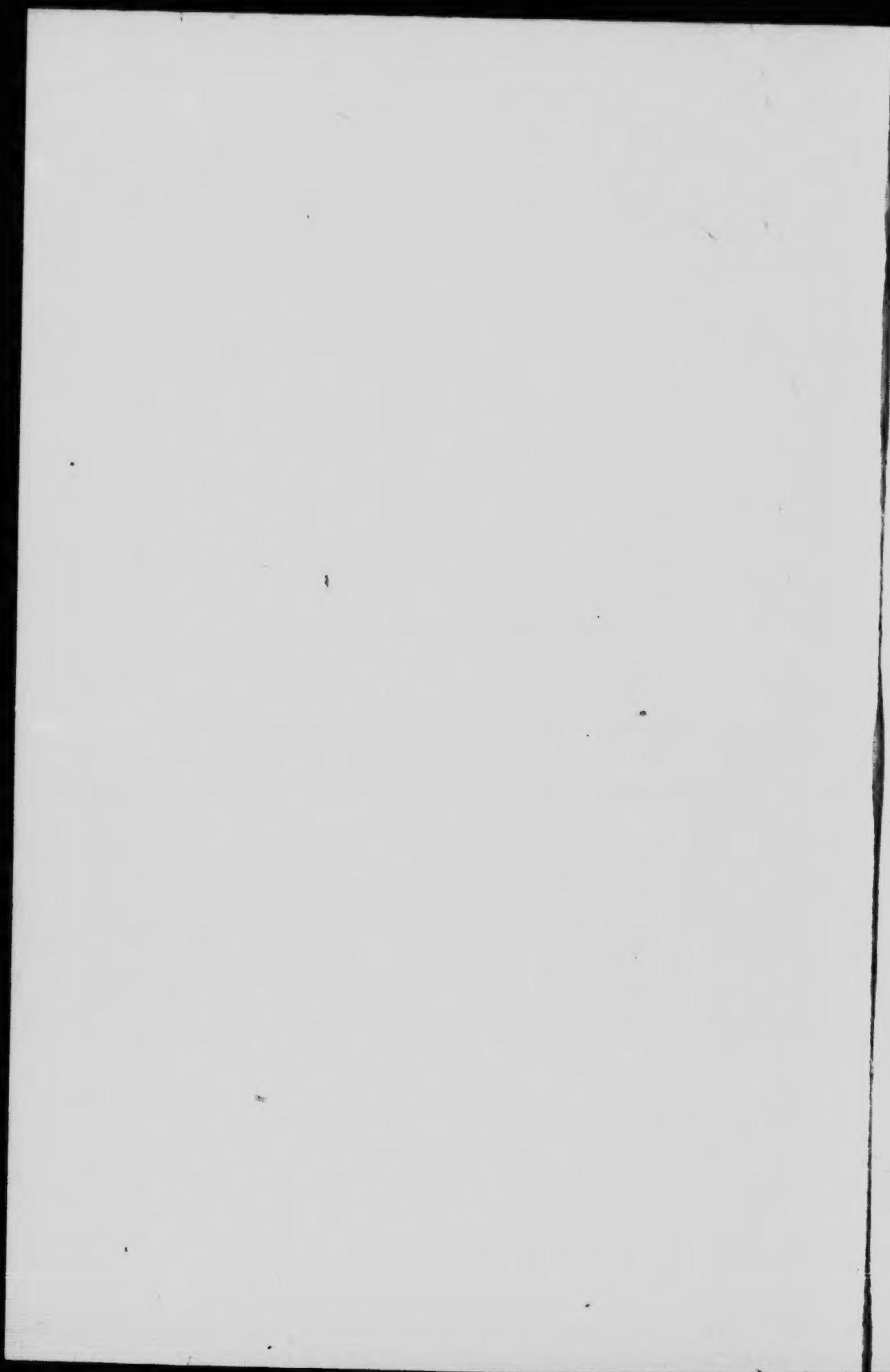
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POEMS OF
THE LOVE OF COUNTRY
BY
J. E. WETHERELL, B.A.

Samuel Goldsmith,
James E.



POEMS OF THE LOVE OF COUNTRY

SELECTED AND EDITED BY
J. E. WETHERELL, B. A.
Principal, Collegiate Institute, Stratford



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INTRODUCTION

IT was old Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun who said, in a letter to the Marquis of Montrose, that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation. To fortify this statement we need not go back to the days of the Greek schoolmaster, Tyrtaeus, who by his songs led the Spartans to victory, and who vies for fame with their great lawgiver Lycurgus himself. In these modern days, Kipling, our Imperial bard, perhaps exercises a wider sway over the minds and hearts of Britons than any contemporary law-maker however great.

Old Andrew Fletcher's "ballads" are, of course, not ballads in the modern sense of the term, but rather national ballads, and particularly national songs. As such songs have a power beyond all others they naturally live a long and glorious life. Our British national anthem, written by an obscure poet in honour of a royal birthday, a song destitute of poetic phrases or of any of the subtle graces of poetry, has survived the vicissitudes of more than a century and a half, and bids fair to live for many ages. *The Star-Spangled Banner* was also the product of a special occasion, and was written by one who wrote nothing else of permanent value; still, after nearly a hundred years it can excite an American audience to enthusiastic plaudits, or an American army to doughty deeds on the field of battle.

National songs are not necessarily great poems. In

fact, very few such songs rank high as literature. The appeal to the popular heart, certainly the appeal to the rugged nature of the average soldier, must be simple and direct and charged with national sentiment. Some of our national songs transgress the elementary laws of rhythm and even of rhyme, and still they have sovereign power over multitudes by virtue of some compelling quality which the literary critic can with difficulty comprehend. No doubt many of these songs are floated and carried along down the years by the attractiveness of the airs to which luckily they have been wedded.

Many of the poems in this book breathe a spirit of war. By actual count it will be found that over fifty of them sing of battle and bloodshed and victory, of whistling bullet and roaring cannon, of blaring trumpets and shrilling bagpipes. Nor is this strange, when we consider that the origin and permanence of a nation's life have nearly always depended upon deeds of national valour. Many of these national songs have, indeed, been written under the glow of an inspiration produced by national victories or under the influence of the stirring exaltation experienced amid the storm and stress of war. The teacher will find no difficulty in firing the martial spirit of his pupils. The hereditary fighting instinct lies dormant in nearly all and can readily be aroused. A more difficult task will be the teaching of another kind of patriotism, — the patriotism of peaceful pursuits, of honourable lives, of obedience to law. The young should learn the lesson that a man may prove his patriotism as well at home as on the battlefield. Some one has well said, "It is harder to live for one's country than to die for it."

There is one feature that the national song must

have to be thoroughly successful ; it must be boldly distinctive and exclusive. The poet exalts his own country and depreciates, if he does not malign, all other nations. Our British anthem gives no uncertain sound :—

Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks.

Nor does the *Marseillaise Hymn* temper its diction :—

Shall hateful tyrants mischiefs breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band, etc.

Even Tennyson, the apostle of moderation, who tells us to cut prejudice against the grain, when it comes to a matter of patriotism can be as exclusive as the most insular patriot could desire :—

There is no land like England, where'er the light of day be;
There are no hearts like English hearts, such hearts of oak as
they be.

This exclusiveness, this positiveness, is of the very essence of the national lyric, and without it patriotic poetry would have no reason for existence.

It will furnish an interesting study to examine the national characteristics which ooze out from the various national songs. A comparison of our own *God Save the King* with the *Marseillaise Hymn* and *Hail Columbia* will lead to some interesting results. England, France, and America speak there in unmistakable tones the national sentiments usually ascribed to these nations. In the Japanese battle-song, *Ima Toki Naru Zo*, the oriental spirit of Nippon breathes everywhere.

The New Regulations of the Education Department of Ontario make such a volume as the present a desideratum in the schools. In the programme of studies

we find that patriotism is to be inculcated directly or indirectly by the teacher. Didactic talks on love of country are apt to prove inane and ineffective, just as parental advice to children on love of parents is usually valueless. A child will love his parents if they are worthy of his love. So the pupils of our schools will learn to love their country with a spontaneous and intelligent love when their fund of knowledge is big enough to make them comprehend the greatness and glorious destiny of their country.

Some may doubt the wisdom of including in a volume intended chiefly for schools the patriotic poems of other than British sentiment. Twenty-five years ago no editor would have faced the odium that such a proceeding would have provoked. But the spirit of this age has become more liberal and generous in matters educational as well as in matters civil and religious. While we maintain that a man's "first, best country ever is at home," we must be prepared to admit that some portion of the favour of the Giver of all good has been conferred on the rest of mankind. While we may loyally "cast a long look where England's glories shine" we must not forget to throw our eyes in other directions. Our patriotism must be of that sturdy kind which grows best in broad areas and under the stress of opposing forces. Too much of the patriotism of the past has been mere bigotry and selfish exclusiveness. If wars are ever to cease, there must grow up among the nations a better understanding of one another's sensibilities. We do, indeed, belong to an empire that leads the nations of the world in clearness of international vision and in scrupulous regard for the amenities of international intercourse.

Regarding the arrangement of the poems in this

book little need be said. The method of grouping that has been employed will commend itself. Within each group chronological considerations have mainly determined the order. It is fitting that the first patriotic voice in the volume should be that of our Master Poet; and that the last should be a strain from that wonderful Island Race which is proving herself to be a worthy ally of the great Island Race whence Canadians are sprung.

At the present crisis of Canadian history, when we are assuming our place among the nations of the world and have become the cynosure of other lands, it is proper that the pupils of our schools should become well acquainted with our patriotic songs. It would be a mere platitude to speak of the vastness of our country and the richness and variety of our resources. Every schoolboy knows of these things. What is to be aimed at by the teachers of the Dominion is to give those under their charge the enthusiastic spirit which those who know our country best have not failed to catch. This "Introduction" cannot end with more suitable words than those spoken to Canadians by a great Irishman a quarter of a century ago, and those spoken only yesterday by the Premier of Canada. Lord Dufferin, the eloquent, a few days before he left our shores, exclaimed: "Love your country, believe in her, honor her, work for her, live for her, die for her. Never has any people been endowed with a nobler birthright or blessed with prospects of a fairer future." Sir Wilfrid Laurier in his great speech delivered recently in Toronto declared: "The twentieth century shall be the century of Canada. Canada shall be the star towards which all men who love progress and freedom shall go."

J. E. W.

Grateful acknowledgments are rendered to the many authors or their representatives who have upon request readily given permission to publish poems and extracts. Special thanks are due to Mr. Rudyard Kipling for his good wishes; the publishers trust that his hopes as to the use of his poems in Canadian schools will be fulfilled.

POEMS OF THE LOVE OF COUNTRY

ENGLAND¹

THIS royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress, built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this Eng-
land,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son,
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

¹ This splendid passage is a part of Gaunt's dying speech in "Richard II." It appeared in an anthology, "England's Par-

nassus," as early as 1600.

ENGLAND INVINCIBLE¹

THIS England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

RULE, BRITANNIA

WHEN Britain first at Heaven's command
Arose from out the asure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain:
Rule, Britannia! rule the waves!
Britons never will be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turns to tyrants fall,
While thou shalt flourish great and free
10 The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia! rule the waves!
Britons never will be slaves!

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
15 As the loud blast that tears the skies
Server but to root thy native oak.

¹ These are the closing lines of "King John," a play that breathes the spirit of defiance to England's foes.

Rule, Britannia ! rule the waves !
 Britons never will be slaves !

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
 ≈ All their attempts to bend thee down
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,
 But work their woe and thy renown.
 Rule, Britannia ! rule the waves !
 Britons never will be slaves !

≈ To thee belongs the rural reign ;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And every shore it circles thine !
 Rule, Britannia ! rule the waves !
 ≈ Britons never will be slaves !

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
 Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair : —
 ≈ Rule, Britannia ! rule the waves !
 Britons never will be slaves !

JAMES THOMSON.

BOADICEA¹

WHEN the British warrior-queen,
 Bleeding from the Roman rods,
 Sought, with an indignant mien,
 Counsel of her country's gods,

¹ Boadicea, the wife of Prasutagus, King of the Iceni, a tribe in Eastern Britain. Prasutagus, to secure his kingdom

• Sage beneath the spreading oak
 Sat the Druid, hoary chief,—
 Every burning word he spoke
 Full of rage and full of grief :

“ Princess ! if our aged eyes
 10 Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
 'T is because resentment ties
 All the terrors of our tongues.

“ Rome shall perish ! — write that word
 In the blood that she has spilt ;
 15 Perish, hopeless and abhor'd,
 Deep in ruin as in guilt !

“ Rome, for empire far renowned,
 Tramples on a thousand states ;
 Soon her pride shall kiss the ground —
 20 Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates !

“ Other Romans shall arise,
 Heedless of a soldier's name ;
 Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
 Harmony, the path to fame.

25 “ Then the progeny that springs
 From the forests of our land,
 Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
 Shall a wider world command.

and family from molestation, on his death bequeathed his great wealth to his daughters jointly with the Roman Emperor. The will was made by the Roman officials a pretext for the spoliation of the whole property. Boadicea, in the troublous times that followed, was flogged, and her family was treated shamefully. The result was that the Iceni revolted from the Romans, 68 A.D.

"Regions Caesar never knew
* Thy posterity shall sway ;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
* Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow ;
Rushed to battle, fought, and died ;
* Dying, hurled them at the foe.

"Ruffians, pitiless as proud !
Heaven awards the vengeance due ;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you."

WILLIAM COWPER.

"ENGLAND, I LOVE THEE STILL"

From The Task

ENGLAND, with all thy faults, I love thee still,
My country ! and while yet a nook is left
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee.

Time was when it was praise and boast enough
In every clime, and trav'� where we might,
That we were born her children ; praise enough
To fill the ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother-tongue,

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» And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.
Farewell those honours, and farewell with them
The hope of such hereafter. They have fallen
Each in his field of glory: one in arms,
And one in council — Wolfe upon the lap
» Of smiling Victory that moment won,
And Chatham,¹ heart-sick of his country's shame!
They made us many soldiers. Chatham, still
Consulting England's happiness at home,
Secured it by an unforgiving frown
» If any wronged her. Wolfe, where'er he fought,
Put so much of his heart into his act,
That his example had a magnet's force,
And all were swift to follow whom all loved.
Those suns are set. Oh, rise some other such!

WILLIAM COWPER.

“SCOTS WHA HAE”²

Scots, wha hae wi’ Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led,
Welome to your gory bed
Or to victorie!

¹ Seven years before the publication of “The Task” the Earl of Chatham (William Pitt) had died. His last speech in the House of Lords was made April 2d, 1778, in support of peace with the American colonies.

² This is usually styled “Bruce’s Address.” Burns, in a letter to a friend, said, “There is a tradition which I have met with in many places in Scotland that it [“Hey tattie tattie”] was Robert Bruce’s march in the battle of Bannockburn. This thought, in my solitary wanderings, warmed me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence, which I threw into a kind of Scottish ode fitted to the air, that one might suppose to be the gallant royal Scot’s address to his heroic followers on that eventful day.”

Now's the day, and now's the hour :
See the front o' battle lour,
See approach proud Edward's power,
Chains and slaverie !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
Wha sae base as be a slave ?
Let him turn, and flee !

Wha for Scotland's King and Law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa',
Let him follow me !

By Oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty's in every blow !
Let us do, or die !

ROBERT BURNS.

"IT IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF"¹

IT is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"²

¹ This was written in 1802 or 1803, when an invasion by Napoleon was threatened.

² The quotation is from an Elizabethan poet, Daniel, author of "Books of the Civil Wars."

18 *POEMS OF THE LOVE OF COUNTRY*

8 Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
Should perish ; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
10 Armoury of the invincible knights of old :
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake ; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held. In everything we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

“BREATHES THERE THE MAN”

From The Lay of the Last Minstrel

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land !
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
8 As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand ! —
If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
10 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
12 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

MY COUNTRY

• THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
 Beloved of Heaven o'er all the world beside,
 Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
 And milder moons imparadise the night ;
 • A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
 Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.
 The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
 The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
 Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
 • Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.

In every clime, the magnet of his soul,
 Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;
 For in this land of Heaven's peculiar race,
 The heritage of Nature's noblest grace,
 • There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
 Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
 While in his softened looks benignly blend
 • The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.

Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
 Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life ;
 In the clear heaven of her delightful eye
 An angel-guard of love and graces lie ;
 • Around her knees domestic duties meet,
 And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
 Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found ?
 Art thou a man ? — a patriot ? — look around ;
 Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
 • That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

YE Mariners of England !
 That guard our native seas ;
 Whose flag has braved a thousand years
 The battle and the breeze !
 5 Your glorious standard launch again
 To match another foe !
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow ;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 10 And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave !
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And Ocean was their grave :
 15 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
 Your manly hearts shall glow,
 As ye sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow ;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 20 And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep ;
 Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
 Her home is on the deep.
 25 With thunders from her native oak
 She quells the floods below,
 As they roar on the shore,
 When the stormy winds do blow ;
 And the battle rages loud and long,
 30 And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn ;
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 " Then, then, ye ocean warriors !
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow ;
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 " And the storm has ceased to blow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC¹

Of Nelson and the North
 Sing the glorious day's renown,
 When to battle fierce came forth
 All the might of Denmark's crown,
 " And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
 By each gun the lighted brand
 In a bold, determined hand,
 And the Prince of all the land
 Led them on.

" Like leviathans afloat,
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
 While the sign of battle flew
 On the lofty British line :
 It was ten of April morn by the chime :
 " As they drifted on their path,

¹ This battle is usually called the Battle of Copenhagen, a victory gained by Nelson over the Danish fleet, April 2d, 1801.

There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.

But the might of England flushed
» To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
“ Hearts of oak ! ” our captains cried, when each
gun

From its adamantine lips
» Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
» Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ;
Their shots along the deep slowly boom —
Then ceased — and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail ;
» Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave ;
“ Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
» And we conquer but to save : —
So peace instead of death let us bring ;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
» To our king.”

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
 That he gave her wounds repose ;
 And the sounds of joy and grief
 From her people wildly rose,
 As death withdrew his shades from the day.
 While the sun looked smiling bright
 O'er a wide and woeful sight,
 Where the fires of funeral light
 Died away.

Now, joy, Old England, raise
 For the tidings of thy might,
 By the festal cities' blaze,
 Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;
 And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
 Let us think of them that sleep
 Full many a fathom deep
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
 Once so faithful and so true,
 On the deck of fame that died ; —
 With the gallant good Riou : ¹
 Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !
 While the billow mournful rolls
 And the mermaid's song condoles,
 Singing glory to the souls
 Of the brave !

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

¹ Captain Riou, justly entitled "the gallant and the good" by Lord Nelson when he wrote home his dispatches.

“GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE”¹

Go where glory waits thee ;
 But, while fame elates thee,
 O, still remember me !
 When the praise thou meetest
 To thine ear is sweetest,
 O, then remember me !
 Other arms may press thee,
 Dearer friends caress thee,
 All the joys that bless thee
 10 Sweeter far may be ;
 But when friends are nearest,
 And when joys are dearest,
 O, then remember me !

When, at eve, thou rovest
 11 By the star thou lovest,
 O, then remember me !
 Think, when home returning,
 Bright we 've seen it burning,
 O, thus remember me !
 12 Oft as summer closes,
 When thine eye reposes
 On its lingering roses,
 Once so lov'd by thee,
 Think of her who wove them,
 13 Her who made thee love them,
 O, then remember me !

¹ The speaker, presented as a maiden appealing to her lover, is Ireland personified.

When around thee dying
 Autumn leaves are lying,
 O, then remember me !

» And at night, when gazing
 On the gay hearth blazing,
 O, still remember me !

Then, should music, stealing
 All the soul of feeling
 » To thy heart appealing,
 Draw one tear from thee ;
 Then let memory bring thee
 Strains I used to sing thee, —
 O, then remember me !

THOMAS MOORE.

THE MINSTREL-BOY

THE Minstrel-Boy to the war is gone,
 In the ranks of death you 'll find him ;
 His father's sword he hath girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind him.
 » " Land of song ! " said the warrior bard,
 " Tho' all the world betrays thee,
 One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
 One faithful harp shall praise thee ! "

The minstrel fell, but the foeman's chain
 » Could not bring that proud soul under ;
 The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder ;
 And said, " No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and bravery !
 » Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
 They shall never sound in slavery ! "

THOMAS MOORE.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND

THE stately homes of England !

How beautiful they stand,
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land !

8 The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England !

10 Around their hearths by night
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light !

There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told ;
11 Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England !

How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
20 That breathes from Sabbath hours !
Solemn, yet sweet, the church bells' chime
Floats through their woods at morn,
All other sounds in that still time
Of breeze and leaf are born.

21 The cottage homes of England !

By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet fanes.

Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
 » Each from its nook of leaves,
 And fearless there the lowly sleep,
 As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair homes of England !
 Long, long, in hut and hall
 » May hearts of native proof be reared
 To guard each hallowed wall !
 And green forever be the groves,
 And bright the flowery sod,
 Where first the child's glad spirit loves
 » Its country and its God.

FELICIA HERMAN.

THE EXILE'S SONG

OH ! why left I my hame ?
 Why did I cross the deep ?
 Oh ! why left I the land
 Where my forefathers sleep ?
 » I sigh for Scotia's shore,
 And I gaze across the sea,
 But I canna get a blink
 O' my ain countrie.

The palm-tree waveth high,
 » And fair the myrtle springs ;
 And to the Indian maid
 The bulbul¹ sweetly sings.
 But I dinna see the broom
 Wi' its tassels on the lea,

¹ The Persian name of the nightingale.

u Nor hear the lintie's¹ sang
O' my ain countrie.

Oh ! here no Sabbath bell
Awakes the Sabbath morn,
Nor song of reapers heard
u Amang the yellow corn :
For the tyrant's voice is here,
And the wail of slaverie ;
But the sun of freedom shines
In my ain countrie.

u There's a hope for every woe,
And a balm for every pain,
But the first joys o' our heart
Come never back again.
There's a track upon the deep,
u And a path across the sea ;
But the weary ne'er return
To their ain countrie.

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

THE ARMADA

A FRAGMENT

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's
praise ;
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in
ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in
vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of
Spain.

¹ The linnet.

s It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Ply-
mouth Bay ;
Her crew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond
Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many
a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial
grace ;
s And the tall *Pinta*, till the noon, had held her close
in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along
the wall ;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's
lofty hall ;
Many light fishing-bark put out to pry along the
oast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland
many a post.
s With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sher-
iff comes ;
Behind him march the halberdiers ; before him sound
the drums ;
His yeomen round the market cross make clear an
ample space ;
For there behooves him to set up the standard of
Her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance
the bells,
s As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon
swells.
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient
crown,

And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.

So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,¹
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Caesar's eagle shield.

So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,

And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters lay.

Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight; ho! scatter flowers, fair maids;

Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute; ho! gallants, draw your blades;

Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes, waft her wide;

Our glorious *SEMPER EADEM*, the banner of our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold;

The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold;

Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea, —

Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.

From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,

¹ The Picard field is the battle of Crécy, 1346, in which Edward III. defeated the French. The flower of French chivalry and the King of Bohemia, fighting for France, were slain in the battle. Here the Black Prince gained his spurs, and adopted the triple feather crest of the fallen Bohemian king, with the motto *Ich dien*, still worn by our princes of Wales.

That time of slumber was as bright and busy as
the day :
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-
flame spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone : it shone on
Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each
southern shire,
"Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling
points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glitter-
ing waves ;
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's
sunless caves :
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the
fiery herald flew :
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers
of Beaulieu.
"Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out
from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on
Clifton Down ;
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into
the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of
blood-red light.
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the deathless
silence broke,
"And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city
woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering
fires ;
At once the wild alarm clashed from all her reeling
spires ;

From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear ;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer :
“ And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each roaring street ;
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in :
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike errand went,
“ And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey’s pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth ;
High on bleak Hampstead’s swarthy moor they started for the north ;
And on, and on, without a pause untired they bounded still :
All night from tower to tower they sprang ; they sprang from hill to hill :
“ Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o’er Darwin’s rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern’s lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin’s crest of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely’s stately fane,

" And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain ;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent ;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY.

" LOVE THOU THY LAND " ¹

Love thou thy land, with love far-brought
From out the storied Past, and used
Within the Present, but transfused
Thro' future time by power of thought.

True love turn'd round on fixed poles,
Love, that endures not sordid ends,
For English natures, freemen, friends,
Thy brothers and immortal souls.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

" YOU ASK ME WHY " ²

You ask me why, tho' ill at ease,
Within this region I subsist,

¹ These are the opening lines of the most famous of Tennyson's three political poems, written in 1833.

² These stanzas are from another of the three political poems mentioned in the foregoing note. No truer or terser description of the government of England could be made.

Whose spirits falter in the mist,
And languish for the purple seas.

8 It is the land that freemen till,
That sober-suited Freedom chose,
The land, where girt with friends or foes
A man may speak the thing he will;

10 A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent:

12 Where faction seldom gathers head,
But by degrees to fulness wrought,
14 The strength of some diffusive thought
Hath time and space to work and spread.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE¹

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

8 “Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!” he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

¹ Tennyson wrote this spirited poem in December, 1854, after reading the first report in “The Times” of the heroic but vain charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE 35

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”

1. Was there a man dismay'd?

Not tho' the soldier knew

Some one had blunder'd:

Theirs not to make reply,

Theirs not to reason why,

2. Theirs but to do and die:

Into the valley of Death

Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,

Cannon to left of them,

3. Cannon in front of them

Volley'd and thunder'd;

Storm'd at with shot and shell,

Boldly they rode and well,

Into the jaws of Death,

4. Into the mouth of Hell

Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,

Flash'd as they turn'd in air

Sabring the gunners there,

5. Charging an army, while

All the world wonder'd:

Plunged in the battery-smoke,

Right thro' the line they broke;

Cossack and Russian

6. Reel'd from the sabre-stroke

Shatter'd and sunder'd.

Then they rode back, but not,

Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,

7. Cannon to left of them,

Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
¶ They that had fought so well
 Came thro' the jaws of Death,
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

¶ When can their glory fade ?
 O the wild charge they made !
 All the world wonder'd.
 Honour the charge they made !
 Honour the Light Brigade,
¶ Noble six hundred !

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF
 WELLINGTON¹

V

ALL is over and done :
 Render thanks to the Giver,
 England, for thy son.
 Let the bell be toll'd.
¶ Render thanks to the Giver,
 And render him to the mould.

¹ The glorious "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," from which this extract is taken, was originally published on the day of the Duke's funeral. The Duke of Wellington died on September 14, 1852, in his eighty-fourth year.

Under the cross of gold ¹
That shines over city and river,
There he shall rest forever
10 Among the wise and the bold.
Let the bell be toll'd :
And a reverent people behold
The towering car, the sable steeds :
Bright let it be with its blazon'd deeds,
15 Dark in its funeral fold.
Let the bell be toll'd :
And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd ;
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd
Thro' the dome of the golden cross ;
20 And the volleying cannon thunder his loss ;
He knew their voices of old.
For many a time in many a clime
His captain's ear has heard them boom,
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom :
25 When he with those deep voices wrought,
Guarding realms and kings from shame ;
With those deep voices our dead captain taught
The tyrant, and asserts his claim
In that dread sound to the great name,
30 Which he has worn so pure of blame,
In praise and in dispraise the same,
A man of well-temper'd frame.
O civic muse, to such a name,
To such a name for ages long,
35 To such a name,
Preserve a broad approach of fame,
And ever-echoing avenues of song.

¹ The cross of gold is on St. Paul's Cathedral, in the crypt of which the Duke is buried.

VI

“ Who is he¹ that cometh, like an honour’d guest,
 With banner and with music, with soldier and with
 priest,

“ With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest ? ”
 Mighty Seaman, this is he
 Was great by land as thou by sea.
 Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
 The greatest sailor since our world began.

“ Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
 To thee the greatest soldier comes ;
 For this is he
 Was great by land as thou by sea ;
 His foes were thine ; he kept us free ;

“ O give him welcome, this is he
 Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
 And worthy to be laid by thee ;
 For this is England’s greatest son,
 He that gain’d a hundred fights,

“ Nor ever lost an English gun ;
 This is he that far away
 Against the myriads of Assaye²
 Clash’d with his fiery few and won ;
 And underneath another sun,

“ Warring on a later day,
 Round affrighted Lisbon drew
 The treble works, the vast designs

¹ The question is asked by the mighty seaman, Nelson, who is also buried in St. Paul’s.

² Assaye is a small town in Hindostan. On that field Wellington (then General Wellesley) began his great career in 1803 by defeating an army of thirty thousand with a small force of less than five thousand.

Of his labour'd rampart-lines,¹
Where he greatly stood at bay,
• Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows,
• Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Beyond the Pyrenean pines,
Follow'd up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
• And England pouring on her foes.
Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings,
And barking for the thrones of kings ;
• Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud sabbath² shook the spoiler down ;
A day of onsets of despair !
Dash'd on every rocky square
Their surging charges foam'd themselves away ;
• Last, the Prussian trumpet blew ;
Thro' the long-tormented air
Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
And down we swept and charged and overthrew.
So great a soldier taught us there
• What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world-earthquake, Waterloo !
Mighty Seaman, tender and true,

¹ The rampart lines were the lines of fortification extending from Torres Vedras to the Tagus. The longest of these lines extended twenty-nine miles.

² The day of Waterloo, Sunday, June 18, 1815.

And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
 O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
 • O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
 If aught of things that here befall
 Touch a spirit a long things divine,
 If love of country move thee there at all,
 Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine !
 100 And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
 In full acclaim,
 A people's voice,
 The proof and echo of all human fame,
 A people's voice, when they rejoice
 105 At civic revel and pomp and game,
 Attest their great commander's claim
 With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
 Eternal honour to his name.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

HANDS ALL ROUND

FIRST pledge our Queen this solemn night,
 Then drink to England, every guest ;
 That man 's the best Cosmopolite
 Who loves his native country best.
 May freedom's oak for ever live
 With stronger life from day to day ;
 That man 's the true Conservative
 Who lops the moulder'd branch away.
 Hands all round !
 10 God the traitor's hope confound !
 To this great cause of Freedom drink, my friends,
 And the great name of England, round and
 round.

To all the loyal hearts who long
To keep our English Empire whole !

11 To all our noble sons, the strong
New England of the Southern Pole !
To England under Indian skies,
To those dark millions of her realm !
To Canada whom we love and prize,
Whatever statesman hold the helm.

20 Hands all round !
God the traitor's hope confound !
To this great name of England drink, my friends,
And all her glorious empire, round and round.

25 To all our statesmen so they be
True leaders of the land's desire !
To both our Houses, may they see
Beyond the borough and the shire !
We sail'd wherever ship could sail,

30 We founded many a mighty state ;
Pray God our greatness may not fail
Thro' craven fears of being great.
Hands all round !
God the traitor's hope confound !

35 To this great cause of freedom drink, my friends,
And the great name of England, round and round.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

I

OH, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,

• That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England — now !

II

And after April, when May follows,
 • And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows —
 Hark ! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dewdrops — at the bent spray's
 edge —
 That 's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice
 over,
 • Lest you should think he never could recapture
 The first fine careless rapture !
 And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children's dower, —
 • Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower !

ROBERT BROWNING.

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA

NOBLY, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the northwest
 died away ;
 Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into
 Cadiz Bay ;
 Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar
 lay ;
 In the dimmest northeast distance, dawned Gib-
 raltar, grand and gray ;
 • "Here and here did England help me, — how can
 I help England ?" — say,

Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to
praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

ROBERT BROWNING.

GREEN FIELDS OF ENGLAND

GREEN fields of England! wheresoe'er
Across this watery waste we fare,
Your image at our hearts we bear,
Green fields of England, everywhere.

• Sweet eyes in England, I must flee
Past where the waves' last confines be,
Ere your loved smile I cease to see,
Sweet eyes in England, dear to me.

Dear home in England, safe and fast
• If but in thee my lot lie cast,
The past shall seem a nothing past
To thee, dear home, if won at last;
Dear home in England, won at last!

ARTHUR HENRY CLOUGH.

A SONG OF EMPIRE¹

June 20, 1887

FIRST Lady of our English race,
In royal dignity and grace
Higher than all in old ancestral blood,

¹ This ode was written on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, after she had reigned for fifty years over the British peoples.

44 POEMS OF THE LOVE OF COUNTRY

But higher still in love of good,
And care for ordered Freedom, grown
To a great tree where'er
In either hemisphere,
Its vital seeds are blown ;
Where'er with every day begun
Thy English bugles greet the coming sun !

Thy life is England's. All these fifty years
Thou from thy lonely Queenly place
Hast watched the clouds and sunshine on her face ;
Hast marked her changing hopes and fears ;
Her joys and sorrows have been always thine ;
Always thy quick and Royal sympathy
Has gone out swiftly to the humblest home,
Wherever grief and pain and suffering come.

Therefore it is that we
Take thee for head and symbol of our name.
For fifty years of reign thou wert the same,
Therefore to-day we make our jubilee.
Firm set on ancient right, as on thy people's love,
Unchecked thy wheels of empire onward move.
Not as theirs is thy throne
Who, though their hapless subjects groan,
Sit selfish, caring not at all,
Until the fierce mob surges and they fall,
Or the assassin sets the down-trod free.
Not such thy fate on this thy jubilee,
But love and reverence in the hearts of all.

C England ! Empire wide and great
As ever from the shaping hand of fate
Did issue on the earth, august, large grown !

as What were the Empires of the past to thine,
 The old, old Empires ruled by kings divine —
 Egypt, Assyria, Rome? What rule was like thine
 own,

Who over all the round world bearest sway?
 Not those alone who thy commands obey

so Thy subjects are ; but in the boundless West¹
 Our grandsires lost, still is thy reign confest.
 "The Queen" they call thee, the young People
 strong,

Who, being Britons, might not suffer wrong,
 But are reknit with us in reverence for thee ;

so Therefore it is we make our jubilee.

See what a glorious throng they come,
 Turned to their ancient home,
 The children of our England! See
 What vigorous company

so Thou sendest, Greater England of the Southern
 Sea!

Thy stately cities, thick with domes and spires,
 Chase the illumined night with festal fires
 In honour of their Queen, whose happy reign
 Began when, 'mid their central roar,

so The naked savage trod the pathless plain.
 Thousands of miles, North, South, East, West, to-
 day

Their countless herds and flocks unnumbered stray.
 Theirs are the vast primæval forest depths pro-
 found ;

Yet everywhere are found

so The English laws, the English accents fair,
 'Mid burning North or cooler Southern air.
 A world within themselves, and with them blent

¹ The boundless West refers to the United States of America.

Island with continent.

The green isles, jewels on the tropic blue,

- » Where flower and tree and bird are strange and new ;
Or that which lies within a temperate air
As summer-England fair ;
Or those, our Southern Britain that shall be,
Set in the lonely sea.

- » Lands of deep fiord and snow-clad soaring hill
Where-through the ocean-currents ebb and fill,
And craters vast, from which the prisoned force
Of the great earth-fires runs its dreadful course.
And vales of fern and palm, whence rising like a
dream

- » High in mid-heaven, the ghostly ice-fields gleam.

And from her far and wintry North

The great Dominion issues forth,

Fit nurse of stalwart British hearts and strong ;
From her black pine woods, deep in snow,

- » Her billowy prairies boundless as the sea,
Where on the sweet untroubled soil
Yearly the unnoticed, countless wild-flowers blow
And by men's fruitful and compelling toil
Yearly the deep and bounteous harvests grow ;

- » From the lone plains, o'er which the icy wind
Sweeps from the North, leaving the Pole behind,
In whose brief summer suns, so fierce they shine,
Flourish alike the apple and the vine ;
From teeming ancient cities bright and fair

- » Whether in summer's heat or frosty wintry air,
Stamped with the nameless charm and grace
Of a more joyous race ;
Or on the rounding prairie nestling down
Homestead and frequent new-built town.

110 Even to those ultimate wilds where comes to be
Another Westminster on the Pacific Sea.

Nor shall thy Western Isles
Be wanting, where the high green breakers fall
Upon the torrid shore, and nature smiles ;
110 And yet sometimes broods over all,
Thick woods and hot lagunes with steaming breath,
A nameless presence with a face of death.
Fair balmy Isles, where never wintry air
Ruffles the scentless tropic blossoms fair,
115 Upon whose sun-warmed fruitful soil
Our fathers' dusky freedmen toil.
Lands of bright plumes that flash from tree to
tree,
Long creepers trailing thick with brilliant bloom,
And loud upon the forest's silent gloom
120 The plunging surges of the encircling sea.

And from the ancient land
Scorching beneath the strong, unfailing sun,
Round thee thy unnumbered subject millions stand.
From many a storied city fair,
115 Old ere our England first begun,
From marble tomb and temple white,
Built ere our far forefathers were,
And still a miracle defying Time ;
Palaces gray with age and dark with crime,
120 Fierce superstitions, only quenched in blood,
And sweet flower-fancies yearning towards the light,
And lustral cleansings in the sacred flood,
Where by dim temple cool, or shaded street,
From hill or parchèd plain the way-worn pilgrims
meet.

125 And from the unhappy continent
 Which breeds the savage and the slave —
 From our enormous South, there shall be sent
 A scanty band of strong self-governed men.
 And from those poisoned swamps, to-day a grave,
 126 But which one day shall smile with plenty, when
 The onward foot of Knowledge, slow, sublime,
 Has traversed her and set her children free
 From ocean to her fabulous inland sea,
 And the fierce savage, full of kingly grace
 128 Is father of a gentler race,
 And peaceful commerce heals the wounds of Time,
 And the long history of blood and pain
 Comes nevermore again.

And nearer to thee still, and dearer yet,
 140 Thy people of these little Northern Isles,
 Who never shall their Queen forget,
 Nor be forgotten, whether Fortune smiles
 Or armèd Europe storm around,
 Whom none assail, beyond the waves' deep sound,
 145 Behind their surge-struck ramparts safe and free.
 These are thy closest subjects, these
 The brain and heart of Empire, as thy Rose
 Within its close-ranged petals comes to hold
 A perfumed heart of gold,
 150 Wherein the seed of the miraculous flower,
 Safe hid, defies Fate's power.
 And most of all thy wondrous mother-town
 Upon our broad Thames sitting like a crown,
 Who, 'mid her healthful labour-laden air,
 155 Grows every day more fair;
 Whom not for fairness do her children prize,
 But for her gracious homely memories —

A nation, not a city, the loved home
Whereto the longing thoughts of exiled Britons
come !

120 Flash, festal fires, high on the joyous air !
Clash, joy-bells ! joy-guns, roar ! and jubilant trumpets, blare !
Let the great noise of our rejoicing rise !
Gleam, long-illumined cities, to the skies
Round all the earth, in every clime,
125 So far your distance half confuses time !
As in the old Judean history,¹
Fling wide the doors and set the prisoners free !
Wherever England is o'er all the world,
Fly, banner of Royal England, stream unfurled !
130 The proudest Empire that has been, to-day
Rejoices and makes solemn jubilee.
For England ! England ! we our voices raise !
Our England ! England ! England ! in our Queen
we praise !
We love not war, but only peace,
135 Yet never shall our England's power decrease !
Whoever guides our helm of State,
Let all men know it, England shall be great !
We hold a vaster Empire than has been !
Nigh half the race of man is subject to our
Queen !
140 Nigh half the wide, wide earth is ours in fee !
And where her rule comes, all are free.

¹ See Leviticus xxv. 10 : " And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof : it shall be a jubilee unto you ; and ye shall return every man unto his possession, and ye shall return every man unto his family."

50 *POEMS OF THE LOVE OF COUNTRY*

And therefore 't is, O Queen, that we,
Knit fast in bonds of temper⁺ liberty,
Rejoice to-day, and make our solemn jubilee !

SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES

SHE stands, a thousand-wintered tree,
By countless morns impearled ;
Her broad roots coil beneath the sea,
Her branches sweep the world ;
Her seeds, by careless winds conveyed,
Clothe the remotest strand
With forests from her scatterings made,
New nations fostered in her shade,
And linking land with land.

¶ O ye by wandering tempest sown
'Neath every alien star,
Forget not whence the breath was blown
That wafted you afar !
For ye are still her ancient seed
¶ On younger soil let fall —
Children of Britain's island-breed,
To whom the Mother in her need
Perchance may one day call.

WILLIAM WATSON.

LAST WORD: TO THE COLONIES

BROTHERS beyond the Atlantic's loud expanse ;
And you that rear the innumerable fleece
Far southward 'mid the ocean named of peace ;
Britons that past the Indian wave advance

• Our name and spirit and world-predominance ;
 And you our kin that reap the earth's increase
 Where crawl the long-backed mountain till it cease
 Crown'd with the headland of bright esperance : —
 Remote compatriots wheresoe'er ye dwell,

• By your prompt voices ringing clear and true
 We know that with our England all is well :
 Young is she yet, her world-task but begun !
 By you we know her safe, and know by you
 Her veins are million but her heart is one.

WILLIAM WATSON.

THE SONG OF THE BOW

WHAT of the bow ?

The bow was made in England :
 Of true wood, of yew-wood,
 The wood of English bows ;
 • So men who are free
 Love the old yew-tree
 And the land where the yew-tree grows.

What of the cord ?

The cord was made in England :
 • A rough cord, a tough cord,
 A cord that bow-men love ;
 And so we will sing
 Of the hempen string
 And the land where the cord was wove.

• What of the shaft ?

The shaft was cut in England :
 A long shaft, a strong shaft,
 Barbed and trim and true ;

52 *POEMS OF THE LOVE OF COUNTRY*

So we 'll drink all together
To the grey goose-feather
And the land where the grey goose flew.

What of the mark ?
Ah, seek it not in England :
A bold mark, our old mark,
Is waiting over-sea.
When the strings harp in chorus,
And the lion flag is o'er us,
It is there that our mark will be.

What of the men ?
The men were bred in England ;
The bow-men — the yeomen,
The lads of dale and fell.
Here 's to you — and to you !
To the hearts that are true
And the land where the true hearts dwell !

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

WHO 'S THAT CALLING ?¹

WHO 's that calling ?
It comes from far away,
The voice of a brother o'er the sea.
It says : " Am I a stranger,
That you leave me in my danger ?
Oh, my brothers, will you stretch a hand to me ?
Send us the flag !
The red cross flag !

¹ This poem was written during the South African War, when at the call of "the old sea-mother" Canada and Australia sent contingent after contingent to fight against the Boers.

Send us the banner that we love!

- * We long for it, we sigh for it,
To live for it, to die for it—
God save the red cross flag!"

Who's that calling?

It comes from far away,

- * The voice of a brother in the West.
"We are loyal. We are true.
We are flesh and blood of you,
We are coming with our bravest and our best.

Bearing the flag,

- * The red cross flag,
Bearing the banner that we love.
And is it stormy weather?
Then we sink or swim together—
God save the red cross flag!"

- * Who's that calling?

It comes from far away,

A voice from the far Pacific main.

"And shall we be behind

When the banner's in the wind,

- * And the old game is playing once again?

We're for the flag,

The red cross flag,

We're for the flag that is our own.

Do you ask a heart to care for it,

- * A hand to do and dare for it?

God save the red cross flag!"

Who's that calling?

The old sea-mother calls,

In her pride at the children that she bore:

54 POEMS OF THE LOVE OF COUNTRY

“ Oh, noble hearts and true,
There is work for us to do,
And we'll do it as we've done it oft before.
Under the flag,
The red cross flag,
Under the flag our fathers bore.
They died in days gone by for it,
And we will gladly die for it.
God save the red cross flag ! ”

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

THE FRONTIER LINE

WHAT marks the frontier line ?
Thou man of India, say !
Is it the Himalayas sheer,
The rocks and valleys of Cashmere,
Or Indus as she seeks the south
From Attoch to the five-fold mouth ?
“ Not that ! Not that ! ”
Then answer me, I pray !
What marks the frontier line ?

10 What marks the frontier line ?
Thou man of Burma, speak !
Is it traced from Mandalay,
And down the marches of Cathay,
From Bhamo south to Kiang-mai,
15 And where the buried rubies lie ?
“ Not that ! Not that ! ”
Then tell me what I seek :
What marks the frontier line ?

What marks the frontier line ?
 * Thou Africander, say !
 Is it shown by Zulu kraal,
 By Drakensberg or winding Vaal,
 Or where the Shiré waters seek
 Their outlet east at Mozambique ?
 * "Not that ! Not that !"
 There is a surer way
 To mark the frontier line.

What marks the frontier line ?
 Thou man of Egypt, tell !
 * Is it traced on Luxor's sand,
 Where Karnak's painted pillars stand,
 Or where the river runs between
 The Ethiop and Bishareen ?
 "Not that ! Not that !"
 * By neither stream nor well
 We mark the frontier line.

"But be it east or west,
 One common sign we bear,
 The tongue may change, the soil, the sky,
 * But where your British brothers lie,
 The lonely cairn, the nameless grave,
 Still fringe the flowing Saxon wave.
 "T is that ! 'T is where
 They lie — the men who placed it there,
 * That marks the frontier line."

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

THE FIGHTING TÉMÉRAIRE¹

This and the following poems by Mr. Henry Newbolt are reproduced by the kind permission of the author. They are taken from *The Island Race*, published by John Lane, London and New York.

IT was eight bells ringing,
For the morning watch was done,
And the gunner's lads were singing
As they polished every gun.

It was eight bells ringing,
And the gunner's lads were singing,
For the ship she rode a-swinging,
As they polished every gun.

11 *Oh ! to see the linstock lighting,
 Téméraire ! Téméraire !*
12 *Oh ! to hear the round shot biting,
 Téméraire ! Téméraire !*
13 *Oh ! to see the linstock lighting,
 And to hear the round shot biting,
 For we're all in love with fighting
 On the Fighting Téméraire.*

It was noontide ringing,
And the battle just begun,
When the ship her way was winging,
As they loaded every gun.
It was noontide ringing,

¹ A line-of-battle ship captured from the French at the battle of the Nile, August 1, 1798. She fought next to the *Victory* at the battle of Trafalgar, October 21, 1805. She was broken up in 1838, and in 1839 Turner exhibited at the Royal Academy his great picture, "The Fighting *Téméraire*."

When the ship her way was winging,
And the gunner's lads were singing
As they loaded every gun.

- » *There 'll be many grim and gory,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
There 'll be few to tell the story,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
There 'll be many grim and gory,*
- » *There 'll be few to tell the story,
But we 'll all be one in glory,
With the Fighting Téméraire.*

*There 's a far bell ringing
At the setting of the sun,
» And a phantom voice is singing
Of the great days done.
There 's a far bell ringing,
And a phantom voice is singing
Of renown for ever clinging
» To the great days done.*

*Now the sunset breezes shiver,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
And she 's fading down the river,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
» Now the sunset breezes shiver,
And she 's fading down the river,
But in England's song for ever
She 's the Fighting Téméraire.*

HENRY NEWBOLD.

HAWKE¹

In seventeen hundred and fifty-nine,

When Hawke came swooping from the West,
The French King's Admiral with twenty of the line
Was sailing forth to sack us, out of Brest.

The ports of France were crowded, the quays of
France a-hum

With thirty thousand soldiers marching to the drum,
For bragging time was over and fighting time was
come

When Hawke came swooping from the West.

'T was long past noon of a wild November day

When Hawke came swooping from the West;
He heard the breakers thundering in Quiberon Bay,

But he flew the flag for battle, line abreast.

Down upon the quicksands roaring out of sight

Fiercely beat the storm-wind, darkly fell the night,

But they took the foe for pilot and the cannon's
glare for light

When Hawke came swooping from the West.

¹ Edward Hawke, a famous English admiral (1705-1781). The stirring incidents of the poem are historical. In 1759 he took charge of a squadron sent to cruise off Brest on the coast of France. On the morning of the 20th of November he sighted the French fleet under Conflans off Belleisle, and although the French, familiar with the shallows and rocks of the coast, retired towards the shore, Hawke engaged them with such impetuosity that he would have utterly destroyed them had not nightfall intervened. As it was, more than half their vessels were captured, disabled, or driven on shore. For this brilliant victory, gained in such perilous circumstances, Hawke was congratulated and pensioned by the House of Commons.

The Frenchmen turned like a covey down the wind
 When Hawke came swooping from the West ;
 One he sank with all hands, one he caught and
 pinned,

8 And the shallows and the storm took the rest.
 The guns that should have conquered us they rusted
 on the shore,
 The men that would have mastered us they drummed
 and marched no more,
 For England was England, and a mighty brood she
 bore

When Hawke came swooping from the West.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

IONICUS¹

With failing feet and shoulders bowed
 Beneath the weight of happier days,
 He lagged among the heedless crowd,
 Or crept along suburban ways.

9 But still through all his heart was young,
 His mood a joy that naught could mar,
 A courage, a pride, a rapture, sprung
 Of the strength and splendour of England's war.

From ill-requited toil he turned

10 To ride with Picton² and with Pack.³

¹ The old teacher with the militant spirit is fittingly called "Ionicus."

² An English general. He served under Wellington in the Peninsular War. The capture of Badajoz (1812) was effected chiefly through his daring and skill. At the battle of Quatre Bras he was dangerously wounded, and two days later, on the field of Waterloo, he was killed.

³ Another famous English general in the Peninsular War.

Among his grammars only burned
 To storm the Afghan mountain-track.
 When midnight chimed, before Quebec
 He watched with Wolfe till the morning star ;
 At noon he saw from *Victory*'s¹ deck
 The sweep and splendour of England's war.

Beyond the book his teaching sped,
 He left on whom he taught the trace
 Of kinship with the deathless dead,
 And faith in all the Island race.
 He passed : his life a tangle seemed,
 His age from fame and power was far ;
 But his heart was high to the end, and dreamed
 Of the sound and splendour of England's war.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS²

A NATION spoke to a Nation,
 A Queen sent word to a Throne :
 " Daughter am I in my mother's house,
 But mistress in my own.

¹ The flag-ship of Nelson at Trafalgar.

² The origin of the title of this poem is of special interest. Two young Frenchmen of Maisonneuve's time lost their way on Mount Royal during a severe snowstorm. In deadly peril of their lives they vowed that should the Virgin Mother restore them to their friends they would raise a cross in memory of their deliverance. Having been spared, they erected the cross and dedicated it to "Our Lady of the Snows." The late Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee wrote a beautiful poem commemorative of the event, entitled, "Our Lady of the Snows." *Côte des Neiges* is still the name of the village situated between the summits of the two mountains which as a whole are termed Mount Royal.

“ The gates are mine to open,
 As the gates are mine to close,
 And I set my house in order,”
 Said our Lady of the Snows.

“ Neither with laughter nor weeping,
 “ Fear or the child’s amaze —
 Soberly under the White Man’s law
 My white men go their ways.
 Not for the Gentiles’ clamour —
 Insult or threat of blows —
 “ Bow we the knee to Baal,”
 Said our Lady of the Snows.

“ My speech is clean and single,
 I talk of common things —
 Words of the wharf and the market-place
 “ And the ware the merchant brings :
 Favour to those I favour,
 But a stumbling-block to my foes.
 Many there be that hate us,”
 Said our Lady of the Snows.
 “ I called my chiefs to council
 In the din of a troubled year ;
 For the sake of a sign ye would not see,
 And a word ye would not hear.

(The editor is indebted to Dr. W. H. Drummond for the foregoing note).

In Kipling’s “ Five Nations ” this poem has under its title the words : “ Canadian Preferential Tariff, 1897.” Like many of Kipling’s poems this one has outgrown its occasion. Its scope has altered and developed, and some of the lines seem prophetic of subsequent events. “ I am first in the battle ” came true in 1900 on the field of Paardeberg.

This is our message and answer ;
 * This is the path we chose :
 For we be also a people,"
 Said our Lady of the Snows.

"Carry the word to my sisters —
 To the Queens of the East and the
 South.

* I have proven faith in the Heritage
 By more than the word of mouth.
 They that are wise may follow
 Ere the world's war-trumpet blows :
 But I — I am first in the battle,"
 * Said our Lady of the Snows.

A Nation spoke to a Nation,
 A Throne sent word to a Throne :
 " Daughter am I in my mother's house,
 But mistress in my own !

* The gates are mine to open,
 As the gates are mine to close,
 And I abide by my mother's house,"
 Said our Lady of the Snows.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

HYMN BEFORE ACTION

THE earth is full of anger,
 The seas are dark with wrath ;
 The Nations in their harness
 Go up against our path !
 * Ere yet we loose the legions —
 Ere yet we draw the blade,

Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of Battles, aid !

High lust and foward bearing,
10 Proud heart, rebellious brow —
Deaf ear and soul uncaring,
We seek Thy mercy now :
The sinner that forswore Thee,
The fool that passed Thee by,
11 Our times are known before Thee —
Lord, grant us strength to die !

For those who kneel beside us
At altars not Thine own,
Who lack the lights that guide us,
20 Lord, let their faith atone ;
If wrong we did to call them,
By honour bound they came ;
Let not Thy wrath befall them,
But deal to us the blame.

22 From panic, pride, and terror,
Revenge that knows no rein —
Light haste and lawless error,
Protect us yet again.
Cloak Thou our undeserving,
23 Make firm the shuddering breath,
In silence and unswerving
To taste Thy lesser death !

E'en now their vanguard gathers,
E'en now we face the fray —
24 As Thou didst help our fathers,

Help Thou our host to-day !
 Fulfilled of signs and wonders,
 In life, in death made clear —
 Jehovah of the Thunders,
 " Lord God of Battles, hear !

RUDYARD KIPLING.

RECESSINAL¹

1897

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
 Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
 Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine —
 " Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget — lest we forget !

The tumult and the shouting dies ;
 The captains and the kings depart :
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
 10 An humble and a contrite heart.
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget — lest we forget !

Far-called, our navies melt away ;
 On dune and headland sinks the fire :
 11 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre !
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget — lest we forget !

¹ This hymn was written on the occasion of the "Diamond Jubilee" of Queen Victoria, when "the captains and the kings" were departing and all the pomp and pageantry had passed.

"IF BLOOD BE THE PRICE OF ADMIRALTY" 65

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
• Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

• For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word —
• Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

Amen.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

"IF BLOOD BE THE PRICE OF ADMIRALTY"

From *A Song of the English*

We have fed our sea for a thousand years
And she calls us, still unfed,
Though there's never a wave of all her waves
But marks our English dead:
• We have strawed our best to the weed's unrest
To the shark and the sheering gull.
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' paid in full!

There's never a flood goes shoreward now
• But lifts a keel we manned;
There's never an ebb goes seaward now
But drops our dead on the sand —
But sinks our dead on the sands forlorn,

From The Ducties to the Swin.¹

1 If blood be the price of admiralty,

If blood be the price of admiralty,

Lord God, we ha' paid it in !

We must feed our sea for a thousand years,

For that is our doom and pride,

2 As it was when they sailed with the *Golden Hind*²

Or the wreck that struck last tide —

Or the wreck that lies on the spouting reef

Where the ghastly blue-lights flare.

If blood be the price of admiralty,

2 If blood be the price of admiralty,

If blood be the price of admiralty,

Lord God, we ha' bought it fair !

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

I STOOD upon the Plain,

That had trembled when the slain

Hurled their proud, defiant curses at the battle-heated foe,

When the steed dashed right and left,

3 Through the bloody gaps he cleft,

When the bridle-rein was broken, and the rider was laid low.

¹ These insignificant places seem to emphasise the wide range of British adventure and daring. (It is taken for granted that "Ducties" is the island called "Ducties" or "Ducie" off the southwest coast of South America, and that "The Swin" is the loch of that name on the west coast of Scotland. It is possible that Mr. Kipling had other uncharted places in view.)

² The ship in which Francis Drake sailed around the world (1577-1580). The old ship was preserved for over a century as a monument of Drake's and England's glory.

What busy feet had trod
Upon the very sod

Where I marshalled the battalions of my fancy to
my aid !

10 And I saw the combat dire,
Heard the quick, incessant fire,
And the cannon's echoes startling the reverberating
glade.

I heard the chorus dire,
That jarred along the lyre

11 On which the hymn of battle rung, like surgings of
the wave,
When the storm, at blackest night,
Wakes the ocean in affright,
As it shouts its mighty pibroch o'er some shipwrecked
vessel's grave.

I saw the broad claymore
20 Flash from its scabbard o'er
The ranks that quailed and shuddered at the close
and fierce attack ;
When Victory gave the word,
Then Scotland drew the sword,
And with arm that never faltered drove the brave
defenders back.

21 I saw two brave chiefs die,
Their last breaths like the sigh
Of the zephyr-sprite that wantons on the rosy lips
of morn ;
No envy-poisoned darts,
No rancour in their hearts,
20 To unfit them for their triumph over death's impend-
ing scorn.

68 *POEMS OF THE LOVE OF COUNTRY*

And as I thought and gazed,
My soul, exultant, praised
The Power to whom each mighty act and victory are
due,
For the saintlike Peace that smiled,
Like a heaven-gifted child,
And for the air of quietude that steeped the distant
view.

Oh, rare, divinest life
Of Peace, compared with Strife !
Yours is the truest splendor, and the most enduring
fame.
All the glory ever reaped
Where the fiends of battle leaped,
Is harsh discord to the music of your undertoned
acclaim.

CHARLES SANCTER.

BROCK

ONE voice, one people, — one in heart
And soul, and feeling, and desire !
Relight the smouldering martial fire,
Sound the mute trumpet, strike the lyre.
The hero-deed cannot expire ;
The dead still play their part.

Raise high the monumental stone !
A nation's fealty is theirs,
And we are the rejoicing heirs,
The honoured sons of sires whose cares
We take upon us unawares,
As freely as our own.

18 We boast not of the victory,
 But render homage, deep and just,
 To his — to their — immortal dust,
 Who proved so worthy of their trust,
 No lofty pile nor sculptured bust
 Can herald their degree.

20 No tongue can blazon forth their fame —
 The cheers that stir the sacred hill
 Are but mere promptings of the will
 That conquered then, that conquers still;
 And generations yet shall thrill
 At Brock's remembered name.

CHARLES SANGSTER.

JACQUES CARTIER

In the seaport of St. Malo, 't was a smiling morn in
 May,
 When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the west-
 ward sailed away;
 In the crowded old cathedral, all the town were on
 their knees,
 For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscovered
 seas;
 And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle and
 pier
 Filled manly hearts with sorrow, and gentle hearts
 with fear.

A year passed o'er St. Malo — again came round
 the day
 When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the west-
 ward sailed away;

But no tidings from the absent had come the way
they went,
» And tearful were the vigils that many a maiden
spent;
And manly hearts were filled with gloom, and gentle
hearts with fear,
When no tidings came from Cartier at the closing
of the year.

But the Earth is as the Future, — it hath its hidden
side,
And the captain of St. Malo was rejoicing in his
pride,
» In the forests of the North — while his townsmen
mourned his loss,
He was rearing on Mount Royal the *fleur-de-lis* and
cross;
And when two months were over, and added to the
year,
St. Malo hailed him home again, cheer answering
to cheer.

He told them of a region hard, iron-bound, and
cold,
» Nor seas of pearl abounded, nor mines of shining
gold;
Where the wind from Thulé¹ freezes the word upon
the lip,
And the ice in spring comes sailing athwart the
early ship;

¹ An island in the extreme north of Europe; some say Iceland; some say Mainland, the largest of the Shetland Islands. The word is used by poets to designate some unknown, far-distant, northern region of ice and snow.

He told them of the frozen scene, until they thrilled
with fear,
And piled fresh fuel on the hearth to make him
better cheer.

- » But when he chang'd the strain, — he told how soon
are cast
In early spring the fetters that hold the waters fast ;
How the winter causeway, broken, is drifted out to
sea,
And the rills and rivers sing with pride the anthem
of the free ;
How the magic wand of summer clad the landscape
to his eyes,
- » Like the dry bones of the just when they wake in
Paradise.

He told them of the Algonquin braves — the hunters
of the wild ;
Of how the Indian mother in the forest rocks her
child ;
Of how, poor souls, they fancy in every living thing
A spirit good or evil, that claims their worshipping ;
» Of how they brought their sick and maim'd for him
to breathe upon ;
And of the wonders wrought for them, thro' the
Gospel of St. John.

He told them of the river, whose mighty current
gave
Its freshness for a hundred leagues to ocean's briny
wave ;
He told them of the glorious scene presented to his
sight,

72 *POEMS OF THE LOVE OF COUNTRY*

“ What time he reared the cross and crown on Hochelaga’s height ;
And of the fortress cliff, that keeps of Canada the key ; —
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from his perils over sea.

THOMAS D’ARCY McGEE.

THE EXILE’S DEVOTION

If I forswear the art divine
That glorifies the dead,
What comfort then can I call mine,
What solace seek instead ?
For from my birth our country’s fame
Was life to me, and love ;
And for each loyal Irish name
Some garland still I wove.

I ’d rather be the bird that sings
“ Above the martyr’s grave,
Than fold in fortune’s cage my wings
And feel my soul a slave ;
I ’d rather turn one simple verse
True to the Gaelic ear
“ Than sapphic odes I might rehearse
With senates listening near.

Oh, native land ! dost ever mark,
When the world’s din is drown’d,
Betwixt the daylight and the dark,
“ A wandering solemn sound
That on the western wind is borne

ON QUEENSTON HEIGHTS

78

Across thy dewy breast ?
It is the voice of those who mourn
For thee, in the far West.

• For them and theirs I oft essay
Thy ancient art of song,
And often sadly turn away,
Deeming my rashness wrong ;
For well I ween, a loving will
• Is all the art I own :
Ah me ! could love suffice for skill,
What triumphs I had known !

My native land ! my native land !
Live in my memory still !
• Break on my brain, ye surges grand !
Stand up, mist-cover'd hill !
Still on the mirror of the mind
The scenes I love, I see :
Would I could fly on the western wind,
• My native land, to thee !

THOMAS D'ARCY McGEE.

ON QUEENSTON HEIGHTS

I STOOD on Queenston Heights ;
And as I gazed from tomb to cenotaph,
From cenotaph to tomb, adown and up,
My heart grew full, much moved with many thoughts,
• At length I cried :
“ O robed with honour and with glory crowned,
Tell me again the story of yon pile.”
And straight the ancient, shuddering cedars wept,

74 POEMS OF THE LOVE OF COUNTRY

The solemn junipers indued their pall,
11 The moaning wind crept through the trembling oaks
And, shrieking, fled. Strange clamour filled the air;
The steepy hill shook with the rush of arms;
Around me rolled the tide of sudden war.

The booming guns pealed forth their dreadful knell;
12 Musketry rattled; shouts, cries, groans were heard;
Men met as foes, and deadly strife ensued.
From side to side the surging combat rolled,
And as it rolled, passed from my ken.

But hark! a ringing cheer peals up the height,
13 Once more the battle's tide bursts on my view.
Brock to the rescue! Down goes the alien flag!
Back, back the dark battalions fall. On, on
The "Tigers" come. Down pours the rattling shot
From out the verdant grove, like sheets of hail.

14 Up, up they press, York volunteers and all.
Aha! the day is ours! See where the hero comes
In conquering might, quick driving all before him!
O brave ensample! O beloved chief!
Who follows thee keeps ever pace with honour.

15 Such tale the hillside told me, and I wept.
Nay! I wept not! The hot, indignant thoughts
That filled my breast burned up the welling tears
Ere they had chance to flow, and forward Hate
Spake rashly. But calm reflection

16 Laid her cool hand upon my throbbing brow
And whispered, "As up the misty stream
The Norseman crept to-day, and signals white
Waved kind salutes from yon opposing shore;
And as ye peered the dusky vista through,

17 To catch first glimpse of yonder glorious plinth,¹
Yet saw it not till I your glance directed,—

¹ Brock's monument.

So high it towered above the common plane —
 So, towering over Time, shall Brock e'er stand. —
 So, from those banks, shall white-robed Peace e'er
 smile."

SARAH ANN CURSON.

THE FIRST DOMINION DAY

From Ode on Dominion Day

CANADA, Canada, land of the maple,
 Queen of the forest and river and lake,
 Open thy soul to the voice of thy people,
 Close not thy heart to the music they make.
 Bells, chime out merrily,
 Trumpets, call cheerily,
 Silence is vocal, and sleep is awake !

Canada, Canada, land of the beaver,
 Labour and skill have their triumph to-day ;
 " Oh ! may the joy of it flow like a river,
 Wider and deeper as time flies away.
 Bells, chime out merrily,
 Trumpets, call cheerily,
 Science and industry laugh and are gay.

" Canada, Canada, land of the snow-bird,
 Emblem of constancy change cannot kill ;
 Faith, that no strange cup has ever unsobered,
 Drinketh to-day from love's chalice her fill.
 Bells, chime out merrily,
 Trumpets, call cheerily, .
 Loyalty singeth, and treason is still !

76 *POEMS OF THE LOVE OF COUNTRY*

Canada, Canada, land of the bravest,
Sons of the war-path and sons of the sea :
Land of no slave-lash, to-day thou enslavest
" Millions of hearts with affection for thee.
Bells, chime out merrily.
Trumpets, call cheerily,
Let the sky ring with the shout of the free.

Canada, Canada, land of the fairest,
" Daughters of snow that is kissed by the sun,
Binding the charms of all lands that are rarest
Like the bright cestus of Venus in one !
Bells, chime out merrily,
Trumpets, call cheerily,
" A new reign of beauty on earth is begun !

JOHN READE.

THE SONG OF THE AXE

HIGH grew the snow beneath the low-hung sky,
And all was silent in the wilderness ;
In trance of stillness Nature heard her God
Rebuilding her spent fires, and veiled her face
" While the Great Worker brooded o'er His work.

" Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree !
What doth thy bold voice promise me ? "

" I promise thee all joyous things
That furnish forth the lives of kings !

" For every silver, ringing blow,
Cities and palaces shall grow ! "

“Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree!
Tell wider prophecies to me.”

“When rust hath gnawed me deep and red,
11 A nation strong shall lift his head.

“His crown the very Heavens shall smite,
Æons shall build him in his might!”

“Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree;
Bright Seer, help on thy prophecy!”

20 Max smote the snow-weighed tree, and lightly
laughed.

“See, friend,” he cried to one that looked and
smiled,

“My axe and I — we do immortal tasks —
We build up nations — this my axe and I !”

ISABELLA VALANCE CRAWFORD.

THE MAPLE

Oh, tenderly deepen the woodland glooms,
And merrily sway the beeches;
Breathe delicately the willow blooms,
And the pines rehearse new speeches;
8 The elms toss high, till they brush the sky,
Pale catkins the yellow birch launches, —
But the tree I love, all the greenwood above,
Is the maple of sunny branches.

Let who will sing of the hawthorn in spring,
10 Or the late-leaved linden in summer;

There's a word, may be, for the locust tree,
 That delicate, strange new-comer;
 But the maple, it glows with the tint of the rose
 When pale are the springtime regions,
 And its towers of flame from afar proclaim
 The advance of winter's legions.

And a greener shade there never was made
 Than its summer canopy sifted;
 And many a day, as beneath it I lay,
 Has my memory backward drifted
 To a pleasant lane I may walk not again,
 Leading over a fresh green hill,
 Where a maple stood just clear of the wood —
 And oh, to be near it still!

CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS ROBERTS.

CANADA

O CHILD of Nations, giant-limbed,
 Who stand'st among the nations now
 Unheeded, unadored, unhymned,
 With unanointed brow, —

How long the ignoble sloth, how long
 The trust in greatness not thine own?
 Surely the lion's brood is strong
 To front the world alone!

How long the indolence, ere thou dare
 Achieve thy destiny, seize thy fame, —
 Ere our proud eyes behold thee bear
 A nation's franchise, nation's name?

The Saxon force, the Celtic fire,
These are thy manhood's heritage !
» Why rest with babes and slaves ? Seek higher
The place of race and age.

I see to every wind unfurled
The flag that bears the Maple-Wreath ;
Thy swift keels furrow round the world
» Its blood-red folds beneath ;

Thy swift keels cleave the furthest seas ;
Thy white sails swell with alien gales ;
To stream on each remotest breeze
The black smoke of thy pipes exhales.

» O Falterer, let thy past convince
Thy future, — all the growth, the gain,
The fame since Cartier knew thee, since
Thy shores beheld Champlain !

Montealm and Wolfe ! Wolfe and Montealm !
» Quebec, thy storied citadel
Attests in burning song and psalm
How here thy heroes fell !

O thou that bor'st the battle's brunt
At Queenston, and at Lundy's Lane, —
» On whose scant ranks but iron front
The battle broke in vain ! —

Whose was the danger, whose the day,
From whose triumphant throats the cheers,
At Chrysler's Farm, at Chateauguay,
» Storming like clarion-bursts our ears ?

On soft Pacific slopes, — beside
 Strange floods that northward rave and fall, —
 Where chafes Acadia's chainless tide, —
 Thy sons await thy call.

“ They wait; but some in exile, some
 With strangers housed, in stranger lands; —
 And some Canadian lips are dumb
 Beneath Egyptian sands.¹

O mystic Nile! Thy secret yields
 Before us; thy most ancient dreams
 Are mixed with far Canadian fields
 And murmur of Canadian streams.

But thou, my Country, dream not thou!
 Wake, and behold how night is done, —
 “ How on thy breast, and o'er thy brow,
 Bursts the uprising sun!

CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS ROBERTS.

CANADIAN STREAMS

O RIVERS rolling to the sea
 From lands that bear the maple tree,
 How swell your voices with the strain
 Of loyalty and liberty!

¹ Mr. Roberts in his “History of Canada” tells the story thus: “Not without deep meaning to the whole empire is the fact that when Sir Garnet Wolseley, in 1884, was dispatched up the Nile with an army to relieve Khartoum and rescue Gordon from the Soudan rebels, he took with him five hundred Canadian boatmen to help him through the storied barrier of the Cataracts. He had not forgotten the skill and daring shown by the Canadian troops when he was leading the Red River Expedition through the wilderness beyond Lake Superior.”

• A holy music, heard in vain
 By coward heart and sordid brain,
 To whom this strenuous being seems
 Naught but a greedy race for gain.

O, unsung streams — not splendid themes
 • Ye lack to fire your patriot dreams !
 Annals of glory gild your waves,
 Hope freights your tides, Canadian streams !

St. Lawrence, whose wide water laves
 The shores that ne'er have nourished slaves,
 • Swift Richelieu, of lilyed fame !
 Niagara of glorious graves !

Thy rapids, Ottawa, proclaim
 Where Daulac¹ and his heroes came !
 Thy tides, St. John, declare La Tour,²
 • And, later, many a loyal name !

Thou inland stream,³ whose vales, secure
 From storm, Tecumseh's death made poor !

¹ See Roberts's "History of Canada" (p. 70): "Among the names of the heroes of Canada abides imperishably that of Daulac des Ormeaux, familiarly known as Dollard." He with sixteen comrades kept seven hundred yelling Iroquois at bay for three days. The little band was gradually overcome and destroyed. "This new Thermopylae," says Roberts, "was not less glorious than that immortal one of old."

² This was Charles de la Tour, who with his wife of gallant fame held a fort at the mouth of the St. John for several years against the infamous Charnisay.

³ The Thames. The battle of Moravian Town, in which Tecumseh was killed, is also called the Battle of the Thames. (Oct. 5, 1813.)

And thou, small water,¹ red with war,
 'Twixt Beaubassin and Beauséjour !

* Dread Saguenay, where eagles soar,
 What voice shall from the bastioned shore
 The tale of Roberval² reveal,
 Or his mysterious fate deplore ?

Annapolis, do thy floods yet feel
 * Faint memories of Champlain's keel,
 Thy pulses yet the deeds repeat
 Of Poutrincourt³ and D'Iberville ?⁴

And thou far tide, whose plains now beat
 With march of myriad westering feet,
 * Saskatchewan, whose virgin sod
 So late Canadian blood made sweet ?⁵

Your bulwark hills, your valleys broad,
 Streams where De Salaberry⁶ trod,

¹ The Missigash, whose passage was forced prior to the fall of Beauséjour (1755).

² "In 1549 he (De Roberval) organized another expedition to Canada, the fate of which is one of the romantic secrets of history. A dim tradition would have us believe that the adventurers sailed up the Saguenay, seeking a kingdom of pearls and strange enchantments ; and that no man of the company ever returned through the bleak portals of that wizard stream." (Roberts's History.)

³ Baron de Poutrincourt, a companion of Champlain, who received a grant of land from the king of France on the Annapolis Basin, calling the place Port Royal.

⁴ Lemoine d'Iberville was a native Canadian, born in Montreal in 1661. He performed many daring exploits for France over a region extending from Hudson Bay to Louisiana.

⁵ In the Riel Rebellion of 1885.

⁶ De Salaberry's victory at Chateauguay in 1813 "was per-

Where Wolfe achieved, where Brock was slain.—
"Their voices are the voice of God.

O, sacred waters! not in vain,
Across Canadian height and plain,
Ye sound us, in triumphant tone,
The summons of your high refrain.

CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS ROBERTS.

ENGLAND

ENGLAND, England, England,
Girdled by ocean and skies,
And the power of a world, and the heart of a
race,
And a hope that never dies.

England, England, England,
Wherever a true heart beats,
Wherever the rivers of commerce flow,
Wherever the bugles of conquest blow,
Wherever the glories of liberty grow,
"T is the name that the world repeats.

And ye who dwell in the shadow
Of the century's sculptured piles,
Where sleep our century-honoured dead
While the great world thunders overhead,
And far out miles on miles,
Beyond the smoke of the mighty town,
The blue Thames dimples and smiles;

haps," says Roberts, "the most glorious in the whole course of a war which brought much glory to our arms."

84 *POEMS OF THE LOVE OF COUNTRY*

Not yours alone the glory of old,
Of the splendid thousand years,
* Of Britain's might and Britain's right
And the brunt of British spears.

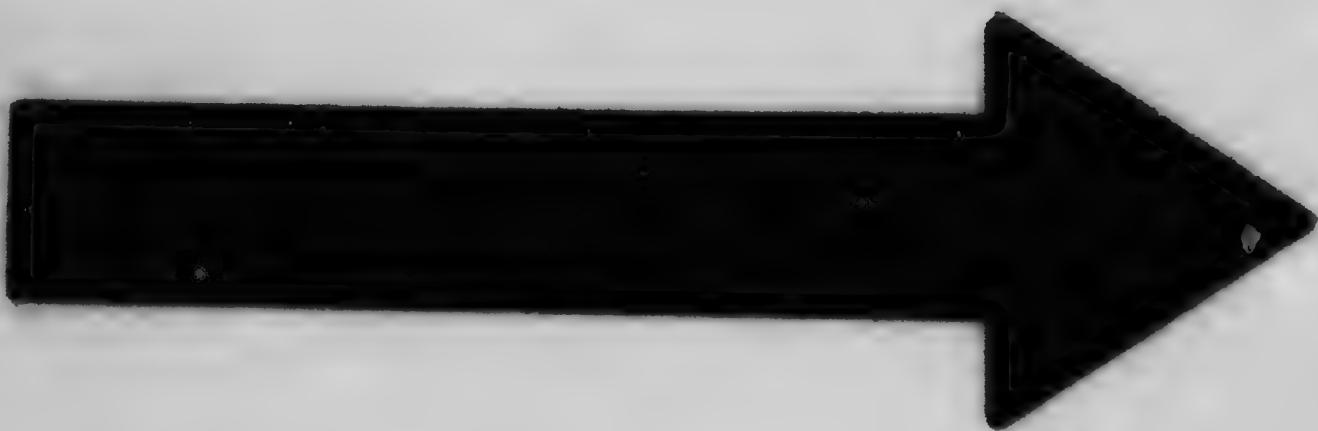
Not yours alone, for the great world round
Ready to dare and do,
Scoot and Celt and Norman and Dane,
* With the Northman's sinew and heart and brain,
And the Northman's courage for blessing or
 bane
Are England's heroes too.

North and South and East and West,
Wherever their triumphs be,
* Their glory goes home to the ocean-girt isle
Where the heather blooms and the roses smile
With the green isle under her lee;
And if ever the smoke of an alien gun
Should threaten her iron repose,
* Shoulder to shoulder against the world,
Face to face with her foes,
Scoot and Celt and Saxon are one
Where the glory of England goes.
And we of the newer and vaster West,
* Where the great war banners are furled,
And commerce hurries her teeming hosts,
And the cannon are silent along our coasts,
Saxon and Gaul, Canadians claim
A part in the glory and pride and aim
* Of the Empire that girdles the world.

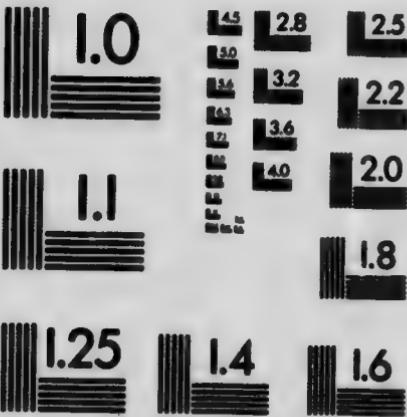
England, England, England,
Wherever the daring heart

By Arctic floe or torrid strand,
Thy heroes play their part ;
» For as long as conquest holds the earth,
Or commerce sweeps the sea,
By Orient jungle or Western plain,
Will the Saxon spirit be.
And whatever the people that dwell beneath,
» Or whatever the alien tongue,
Over the freedom and peace of the world
Is the flag of England flung.
Till the last great freedom is found,
And the last great truth be taught,
» Till the last great deed be done,
And the last great battle is fought ;
Till the last great fighter is slain in the last great
fight
And the war-wolf is dead in his den,
England, breeder of hope and valour and might,
» Iron mother of men.

Yea, England, England, England,
Till honour and valour are dead,
Till the world's great cannons rust,
Till the world's great hopes are dust,
» Till faith and freedom be fled,
Till wisdom and justice have passed
To sleep with those who sleep in the many-chambered
vast,
Till glory and knowledge are charnelled dust in
dust,
To all that is best in the world's unrest,
» In heart and mind you are wed.
While out from the Indian jungle
To the far Canadian snows,



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Over the east and over the west,
 Over the worst and over the best,
 ☺ The flag of the world to its winds unfurled,
 The blood-red ensign blows.

W. WILFRED CAMPBELL.

THE WORLD-MOTHER

SCOTLAND

By crag and lonely moor she stands,
 This mother of half a world's great men,
 And kens them far by sea-wrecked lands,
 Or orient jungle, or western fen.

• And far out 'mid the mad turmoil,
 Or where the desert places keep
 Their lonely hush, her children toil,
 Or wrapped in wide-world honour sleep.

By Egypt's sands or western wave,
 " She kens her latest heroes rest,
 With Scotland's honour o'er each grave,
 And Britain's flag above each breast.

And some at home. — Her mother love
 Keeps crooning wind-songs o'er their graves,
 " Where Arthur's castle looms above,
 Or Strathy storms or Solway raves,

Or Lomond unto Nevis bends
 In olden love of clouds and dew ;
 Where Trosach unto Stirling sends
 ☺ Greetings that build the years anew.

Out where her miles of heather sweep,
 Her dust of legend in his breast,
 'Neath aged Dryburgh's aisle and keep,
 Her Wizard Walter takes his rest.

» And her loved ploughman, he of Ayr,
 More loved than any singer loved
 By heart of man amid those rare,
 High souls the world hath tried and proved ;

Whose songs are first to heart and tongue,
 » Wherever Scotsmen greet together,
 And, far-out alien scenes among,
 Go mad at the glint of a sprig of heather.

And he her latest wayward child,
 Her Louis of the magic pen,¹
 » Who sleeps by tropic crater piled,
 Far, far, alas, from misted glen ;

Who loved her, knew her, drew her so,
 Beyond all common poet's whim ; —
 In dreams the whaups are calling low,
 » In sooth her heart is woe for him.

And they, her warriors, greater none
 E'er drew the blade of daring forth,
 Her Colin ² under Indian sun,
 Her Donald ³ of the fighting North.

¹ Robert Louis Stevenson.

² Colin Campbell of Lucknow.

³ Sir Donald Mackay, of the famous Dutch Regiment that helped to save Holland in the Thirty Years' War.

“ Or he, her greatest hero, he
 Who sleeps somewhere by Nilus’ sands,
 Grave Gordon,¹ mightiest of those free,
 Great captains of her fighting bands.

Yea, these and myriad myriads more,
 Who stormed the fort or ploughed the main,
 To free the wave or win the shore,
 She calls in vain, she calls in vain.

Brave sons of her, far severed wide
 By purpling peak or reeling foam ;
 From western ridge or orient side,
 She calls them home, she calls them home.

And far, from east to western sea,
 The answering word comes back to her,
 “ Our hands were slack, our hopes were free,
 We answered to the blood astir ;

“ The life by Kelpie loch was dull,
 The homeward slothful work was done ;
 We followed where the world was full,
 To dree the weird our fates had spun.

“ We built the brigg, we reared the town,
 We spanned the earth with lightning gleam,
 We ploughed, we fought, 'mid smile and frown,
 Where all the world's four corners teem.

“ But under all the surge of life,
 The mad race-fight for mastery,
 Though foremost in the surging strife,
 Our hearts went back, went back to thee.”

¹ Gordon of Khartoum.

For the Scotsman's speech is wise and slow,
 And the Scotsman's thought it is hard to ken,
⁷⁵ But through all the yearnings of men that go,
 His heart is the heart of the Northern glen.

His song is the song of the windy moor,
 And the humming pipes of the squirling din ;
 And his love is the love of the shieling door,
⁸⁰ And the smell of the smoking peat within.

And nohap how much of the alien blood
 Is crossed with the strain that holds him fast,
 'Mid the world's great ill and the world's great good,
 He yearns to the Mother of men at last.

⁸⁵ For there's something strong and something true
 In the wind where the sprig of heather is blown ;
 And something great in the blood so blue,
 That makes him stand like a man alone.

Yea, give him the road and loose him free,
⁹⁰ He sets his teeth to the fiercest blast,
 For there's never a toil in a far countrie
 But a Scotsman tackles it hard and fast.

He builds their commerce, he sings their songs,
 He weaves their creeds with an iron twist, —
⁹⁵ And making of laws or righting of wrongs,
 He grinds it all as the Scotsman's grit.

Yea, there by crag and moor she stands,
 This mother of half a world's great men,
 And out of the heart of her haunted lands
¹⁰⁰ She calls her children home again.

And over the glens and the wild sea floors
 She peers so still as she counts her cost,
 With the whaups low calling over the moors, —
 “ Woe, woe, for the great ones she hath lost.”

W. WILFRED CAMPBELL.

THE COLOURS OF THE FLAG

WHAT is the blue on our flag, boys?
 The waves of the boundless sea,
 Where our vessels ride in their tameless pride,
 And the feet of the winds are free ;
 From the sun and smiles of the coral isles
 To the ice of the South and North,
 With dauntless tread through tempests dread
 The guardian ships go forth.

What is the white on our flag, boys?
 10 The honour of our land,
 Which burns in our sight like a beacon light
 And stands while the hills shal' stand ;
 Yea, dearer than fame is our land's great name,
 And we fight, wherever we be,
 15 For the mothers and wives that pray for the lives
 Of the brave hearts over the sea.

What is the red on our flag, boys ?
 The blood of our heroes slain,
 On the burning sands in the wild waste lands
 20 And the froth of the purple main ;
 And it cries to God from the crimsoned sod
 And the crest of the waves outrolled,
 That He send us men to fight again
 As our fathers fought of old.

- » We 'll stand by the dear old flag, boys,
Whatever be said or done,
Though the shots come fast, as we face the blast,
And the foe be ten to one —
- Though our only reward be the thrust of a sword
- » And a bullet in heart or brain.
What matters one gone, if the flag float on
And Britain be Lord of the main !

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

THE BRITISH FLAG

- ALL hail to the day when the Britons came over,
And planted their standard, with sea-foam still
wet,
- Around and above us their spirits will hover,
Rejoicing to mark how we honour it yet.
- » Beneath it the emblems they cherished are wav-
ing,
The Rose of Old England the roadside perfumes ;
The Shamrock and Thistle the north winds are
braving,
Securely the Mayflower blushes and blooms.

CHORUS

- Hail to the day when the Britons came over,
10 And planted their standard with sea-foam still
wet,
- Around and above us their spirits will hover,
Rejoicing to mark how we honour it yet.
We 'll honour it yet, we 'll honour it yet,
The flag of Old England ! we 'll honour it yet.

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✉ In the temples they founded their faith is maintained,

Every foot of the soil they bequeathed is still ours,
The graves where they moulder, no foe has profaned,
But we wreath them with verdure, and strew
them with flowers !

The blood of no brother, in civil strife pour'd,

✉ In this hour of rejoicing, encumbers our souls !

The frontier's the field for the Patriot's sword,

And curs'd be the weapon that Faction controls !

Then hail to the day ! 't is with memories crowded,

Delightful to trace 'midst the mists of the past,

✉ Like the features of Beauty, bewitchingly shrouded,
They shine through the shadows Time o'er them
has cast.

As travellers track to its source in the mountains

The stream which, far swelling, expands o'er the
plains,

Our hearts, on this day, fondly turn to the foun-
tains,

✉ Whence flow the warm currents that bound in
our veins.

And proudly we trace them : No warrior flying

From city assaulted, and fanes overthrown,

With the last of his race on the battlements dying,

And weary with wandering, founded our own.

✉ From the Queen of the Islands, then famous in
story,

A century since, our brave forefathers came,

And our kindred yet fill the wide world with her
glory,

Enlarging her Empire and spreading her name.

Ev'ry flash of her genius our pathway enlightens —

• Ev'ry field she explores we are beckoned to tread,
Each laurel she gathers, our future day bright-
ens —

We joy with her living, and mourn for her dead.
Then hail to the day when the Britons came over
And planted their standard, with sea-foam still
wet!

• Above and around us their spirits shall hover,
Rejoicing to mark how we honour it yet.

JOSEPH HOWE.

STRATHCONA'S HORSE¹

Dedicated to Lord Strathcona

O I WAS thine, and thou wert mine, and ours the
boundless plain,

Where the winds of the North, my gallant steed,
ruffled thy tawny mane,

But the summons hath come with roll of drum, and
bugles ringing shrill,

Startling the prairie antelope, the grizzly of the hill.

• 'T is the voice of Empire calling, and the children
gather fast

From every land where the cross bar floats out from
the quivering mast;

So into the saddle I leap, my own, with bridle swing-
ing free,

And thy hoofbeats shall answer the trumpets blow-
ing across the sea.

¹ In the South African War Lord Strathcona, at his own ex-
pense, raised, armed, and equipped in the North West of Canada
a corps of four hundred "rough riders." They were men of fine
physique, good horsemen, and excellent shots.

Then proudly toss thy head aloft, nor think of the
 foe to-morrow,
10 For he who dares to stay our course drinks deep of
 the Cup of Sorrow.

Thy form hath pressed the meadow's breast, where
 the sullen grey wolf hides,
The great red river of the North hath cooled thy
 burning sides ;
Together we've slept while the tempest swept the
 Rockies' glittering chain ;
And many a day the bronze centaur hath galloped
 behind in vain.

11 But the sweet wild grass of mountain pass, and the
 shimmering summer streams
Must vanish forevermore, perchance, into the land
 of dreams ;
For the strong young North hath sent us forth to
 battlefields far away,
And the trail that ends where Empire trends, is the
 trail we ride to-day.
But proudly toss thy head aloft, nor think of the
 foe to-morrow,
12 For he who bars Strathcona's Horse drinks deep of
 the Cup of Sorrow.

DR. W. H. DRUMMOND.

“DAT'S ABOUT DE WAY”

From *The Habitant's Summer*

“Dat's about de way we're leevin', dat's a few t'ing
 we're seein',
W'en de nice warm summer sun is shinin' down
 on Canadaw,

An' no matter w'at I'm hearin', still I never feel
 lak bein'
 No oder strange feller, me, but only habitant.

"For dere's no place lak our own place, don't care
 de far you're goin';
 Dat's w'at de whole worl's sayin', w'enever dey
 come here,
 'Cos we got 'le fines' contree, an' de beeges' reever
 flowin'
 An' le bon Dieu sen' de sunshine nearly twelve
 mont' ev'ry year."

Dr. W. H. DRUMMOND.

"DE FLAG OF ANGLETERRE"

From *The Habitant's Jubilee Ode*

"An' onder de flag of Angleterre, so long as dat flag
 was fly —
 Wit' deir English broder, les Canayens is satisfy
 leev an' die.
 Dat's de message our fader geev us w'en dey're
 fallin' on Chateaugay,
 An' de flag was kipin' dem safe den, dat's de wan
 we will kip alway."

Dr. W. H. DRUMMOND.

THE NATIVE BORN

THERE's a thing we love to think of when the
 summer days are long,
 When the summer winds are blowing, and the
 summer sun is strong;

When the orchards and the meadows fling their
sweetness on the air,

And the grainfields flaunt their riches, and the glow
is everywhere;

Something sings it all the day,
Canada, fair Canada!

And the pride thrills through and through
us;

'T is our birthplace — Canada !

There's a thing we love to think of when the frost
and ice and snow

Hold a carnival together, and the biting north
winds blow;

There's a thing we love to think of through the
bitter winter hours,

For it stirs a warmth within us — 't is this fair
young land of ours.

Ours with all her youth and promise, ours with all
her strength and might,

Ours with all her wealth of waters, and her for-
ests deep as night,

With her mines — her hidden treasures — with her
sun-steeped hill and plain ;

With her mountains and her meadows, and her
fields of golden grain.

Other lands may far outshine her, boast more charms
than she can claim,

But this young land is our own land, and we love
her very name.

Canada, fair Canada !

Native-born are we, are we,

And the pride thrills through and through us ;
'T is our birthplace — Canada !

Let the man born in old England love the dear old
land the most,
For what spot a man is born in, of that spot he
loves to boast ;
Let the Scot look back toward Scotland with a long-
ing in his eyes,
And the exile from old Erin think her green
shores paradise.
Native-born are we, are we,
Canada, fair Canada !
And the pride thrills through and through
us ;
'T is our birthplace — Canada !

Well we love the sea-girt Island, and we strive to
understand
All the greatness, all the grandeur, of the glorious
motherland ;
And we cheer her to the skies, cheer her till the
echoes start,
For the old land claims our homage, but the new
land holds our heart.
Native-born are we, are we,
Canada, fair Canada !
And the pride thrills through and through
us ;
'T is our birthplace — Canada !

JEAN BLEWETT.

DARGAI RIDGE¹

THANK God I have in my laggard blood
 The vim of the Englishman,
 Which is second to none, from North to South,
 Save the fire of the Scottish clan —
 » Save the blood of the lads who died
 On the rocky mountain-side,
 And went to the hell of the heated guns
 As a lover goes to his bride.

The Ghoorkas laughed at the whining balls —
 » And they were of alien race.
 The English drove at the smoking rocks
 And their subalterns set the pace.
 Oh the blood of the lads who fell
 Where the valley lay a hell!
 » Thank God that the men in the East and West
 Cheer at the tale they tell.

The Ghoorkas lay in the slaughter place,
 Save a few that had battled through —
 Their brown, brave faces raised to the steep
 » Where the flags of the marksmen flew —
 Their great souls cheering still
 (Souls that no ball could kill)
 Into the ears of the few, who crouched
 Under the crooked hill.

» The English went as maids to a dance
 Or hounds to the huntsman's call,
 And the English lay in the valley-lap

¹ This brilliant exploit occurred during the operations in Tirah, India, against the savage hillmen (1897).

And smeared their blood on the wall.
 Oh the blood th... knows no shame.
 " And the valour clear of blame !
 Thank God that the world is girt about
 With the gold of an English name.

Then the men of the Gordon Highlanders
 With their bagpipes shrilling free —
 " The lads of the heather pasture-sides,
 The lads of the unclad knee,
 Charged — where their friends lay dead —
 Over the green and the red
 To the cry of the regimental pipes
 " And the flop of the hitting lead.

They passed the level of sprawling shapes
 And the valley of reeking death ;
 They struck the rocks of the mountain pass
 Where the smoke blew up like breath.
 " Little they thought of fame
 Or the lifting of a name ;
 They only thought of the mountain crest
 And the circle of spitting flame.

Thank God I find in my laggard blood,
 " Deep down, the fire of the man,
 And the heart that shakes with a mad delight
 At the name of a Highland clan —
 At the name of the lads who died
 On the rocky mountain-side
 " And went to the hell of the heated guns
 As a lover goes to his bride.

THEODORE ROBERTS.

A RECKONING

(“There will come a reckoning with England. . . . We recognize her as our old enemy, who has stood in the path of Russian development.” — Prince Hespere Oukahtomsky.)

YE who would reckon with England —

Ye who would sweep the seas
Of the flag that Rodney nailed aloft
And Nelson flung to the breeze —
Count well your ships, and your men,
Count well your horse and your guns,
For they who reckon with England
Must reckon with England’s sons.

Ye who would challenge England —

Ye who would break the might
Of the little isle in the foggy sea
And the lion-heart in the fight —
Count well your horse and your swords,
Weigh well your valour and guns,
For they who ride against England
Must sabre her million sons.

Ye who would roll to warfare

Your hordes of peasants and slaves,
To crush the pride of an empire
And sink her fame in the waves —
Test well your blood and your metal,
Count well your troops and your guns,
For they who battle with England
Must war with a Mother’s sons.

THEODORE ROBERTS.

CANADA TO ENGLAND¹

SANG one of England in his island home :
" Her veins are million, but her heart is one ; "
And looked from out his wave-bound homeland
 isle
 To us who dwell beyond its western sun.

' And we among the northland plains and lakes,
 We youthful dwellers on a younger land,
 Turn eastward to the wide Atlantic waste,
 And feel the clasp of England's outstretched
 hand.

For we are they who wandered far from home
10 To swell the glory of an ancient name :
 Who journeyed seaward on an exile long,
 When fortune's twilight to our island came.

But every keel that cleaves the midway waste
 Binds with a silent thread our sea-cleft strands,
15 Till ocean dwindleth and the sea-waste shrinks,
 And England mingles with a hundred lands.

And weaving silently all far-off shores,
 A thousand singing wires stretch round the
 earth,
 Or sleep still vocal in their ocean depths,
20 Till all lands die to make one glorious birth.

¹ See William Watson's "Last Word: To the Colonies" on an earlier page.

So we remote compatriots reply,
 And feel the world-task only half begun :
 " We are the girders of the aging earth,
 Whose veins are million, but whose heart is
 one."

ARTHUR STRINGER.

BRITONS BEYOND THE SEAS

" Beyond the Seas, Within the Fold."

GOD made our bodies of all the dust
 That is scattered about the world,
 That we might wander in search of home
 Wherever the seas are hurled :
 But our hearts he hath made of English dust,
 And mixed it with none beside,
 That we might love with an endless love
 The lands where our kings abide.

And tho' we weave on a hundred shores,
 And spin on a thousand quays,
 And tho' we are truant with all the winds,
 And gypsy with all the seas,
 We are touched to tears as the heart is touched
 By the sound of an ancient tune
 At the name of the Isle in the Western seas
 With the rose on her breast of June.

And it's O for a glimpse of England,
 And the buds that her garden yields,
 The delicate scent which her hedges wind,
 And the shimmering green of her fields,
 The roll of her downs and the lull of her streams,
 And the grace of her dew-drenched lawns,

And the calm of her shores where the waters wash
Rose-tinged with her thousand dawns.

» And it's O for a glimpse of London town,
 Tho' it be through the fog and the rain,
 The loud-thronged streets and the glittering shops,
 The pageant of pomp and pain;
 And it's O for a sight, tho' it be a dream
» Of the Briton's beacon and pride—
 The cold gray Abbey which guards our ghosts
 On Thames's sacred side.

But, lo, we have buried our fathers here,
 And here we have reared our sons,
» These are our Britons, and here the word
 Of the British people runs;
 Wherefore the while we call you Home,
 And dream of your gentle shires,
 We are rooted here by the smile of our babes
» And the pilgrim dust of our sires.

Out of the grave our fathers reach
 Dead hands to hold us here,
 And never we open the earth with tears
 But the land becomes more dear—
» Sweet with memory, brave with love,
 And proud with the hope ahead
 That our sons shall be stronger, our homes more fair,
 When we go down to the dead.

Loved, you are loved, O England,
» And ever that love endures;
 But we must have younger visions,
 And mightier dreams than yours;

Cleaner Londons and wider fields,
 And a statelier bridge to span
 " The gulf which severs the rich and poor
 In the brotherly ranks of Man.

Yet with the bolder vision,
 We cleave to you, look to you still,
 That you gather our scattered toil and bind
 " Our strength in a single will ;
 That you build with us out of the coasts of the earth,
 A realm, a race, and a rede
 That shall govern the peace of the world and serve
 The humblest State in her need.

" Haply we are but tools in the Hand
 Of a Power we do not know,
 And not for ourselves we plow the waste,
 And not for ourselves we sow ;
 Yet by the vision that leads us on
 " To the goal of a single state,
 We are blessed that our own great weal is woofed
 With strands of eternal Fate.

Come, let us walk together,
 We who must follow one gleam,
 " Come, let us link our labours,
 And tell each other our dream ;
 Shakespeare's tongue for our counsels
 And Nelson's heart for our task —
 Shall we not answer as one strong man
 " To the things that the people ask ?

HAROLD BEGLEY.

HAIL, COLUMBIA¹

HAIL, Columbia, happy land !
Hail, ye heroes ! heaven-born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
• And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valour won.
Let Independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost ;
Ever grateful for the prize,
• Let its altar reach the skies.

CHORUS

Firm, united let us be
Rallying round our liberty !
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

• Immortal patriots ! rise once more !
Defend your rights, defend your shore :
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
• Of toil and blood the well-earn'd prize.
While off'ring peace sincere and just,
In heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice may prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.

• Sound, sound the trump of fame !
Let Washington's great name

¹ This famous ode was written in 1798, the year before Washington died.

Ring through the world with loud applause !
 Ring through the world with loud applause !
 Let every clime to freedom dear,
 « Listen with a joyful ear ;
 With equal skill, with steady power,
 He governed in the fearful hour
 Of horrid war, or guides with ease
 The happier times of honest peace.

» Behold the chief, who now commands,¹
 Once more to serve his country stands —
 The rock on which the storm will beat !
 The rock on which the storm will beat !
 But armed in virtue, firm and true,
 » His hopes are fixed on heaven and you.
 When hope was sinking in dismay,
 When glooms obscured Columbia's day,
 His steady mind from changes free,
 Resolved on death or liberty.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER²

OH, say ! can you see, by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last
 gleaming —
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the
 perilous fight,

¹ Washington, in 1798, was appointed commander-in-chief of the army in anticipation of a war with France.

² This poem stands at the head of American national songs. It was written by the author when he was a prisoner on board a British vessel during the bombardment of Fort McHenry at the entrance of Baltimore harbour in 1814.

O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?

* And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,

Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;

Oh! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,

* Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,

What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,

As it fitfully blows, now conceals, half discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,

In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;

* 'T is the star-spangled banner; oh! long may it wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore

That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion A home and a country should leave us no more?

* Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;

And the star-spangled banner in triumph
doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of
the brave.

- » Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desola-
tion!
- Bless'd with victory and peace, may the heaven-
rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved
us a nation.
- Then conquer we must, when our cause it is
just,
- » And this be our motto, "In God is our trust:"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph
shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of
the brave.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

AMERICA¹

My country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
» Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

¹ This is sung to the air of "God save the King." It was composed in 1832.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love ;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills ;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song ;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our Fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing ;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

The breaking waves dash'd high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches toss :

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and water o'er,

110 *POEMS OF THE LOVE OF COUNTRY*

When a band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
" They, the true-hearted, came,
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame ;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear, —
" They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea !
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
" To the anthem of the free.

The ocean-eagle soar'd
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd —
This was their welcome home !

" There were men with hoary hair,
Amidst that pilgrim-band —
Why had they come to wither there
Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,
" Lit by her deep love's truth ;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
 Bright jewels of the mine?
 • The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
 They sought a faith's pure shrine'

Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod!
 They have left unstain'd what there they found,—
 • Freedom to worship God!

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE REPUBLIC

From The Building of the Ship

THOU, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
 Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
 Humanity with all its fears,
 With all the hopes of future years,
 • Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
 We know what Master laid thy keel,
 What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
 Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
 What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
 • In what a forge and what a heat
 Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
 Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
 'T is of the wave and not the rock;
 'T is but the flapping of the sail,
 • And not a rent made by the gale!
 In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
 In spite of false lights on the shore,
 Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
 Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,

» Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
 Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!¹

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
 The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we
 sought is won,

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all
 exulting,

While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim
 and daring;

• But O heart! heart! heart!

• O the bleeding drops of red,

• Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
 • Rise up — for you the flag is flung — for you the
 bugle trills,

For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths — for you
 the shores a-crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager
 faces turning;

Here Captain! dear father!

• This arm beneath your head!

• It is some dream that on the deck
 You 've fallen cold and dead!

¹ This poem has reference to the death of Lincoln, at the close of the American Civil War, April 15th, 1865.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse
nor will,

The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage
closed and done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with
object won;

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!

But I with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

WALT WHITMAN.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC¹

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord;

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible
swift sword;

His truth is marching on.

⁵ I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred cir-
cling camps;

They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews
and damps;

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps:

His day is marching on.

¹ This hymn is imperishably connected with the American Civil War. It was written in 1861 after the author's observing, in the camps near Washington, how enthusiastically the soldiers marched to the song "John Brown's Body." The "Hymn" was at once adopted and sung throughout the North.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of
steel:

18 "As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my
grace shall deal:"

Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with
his heel,

Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat;

He is sifting out the heart even before His judg-
ment seat:

19 Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant,
my feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the
sea,

With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you
and me:

As He died to make men holy, let us die to make
men free,

20 While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY¹

By the flow of the inland river,

Whence the fleets of iron have fled,

Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,

Asleep are the ranks of the dead:

¹ This appeared first in the "Atlantic Monthly" in 1867. It is now a national classic in the United States.

Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment-day;
 Under the one, the Blue,
 Under the other, the Gray.¹

These in the robings of glory,
 Those in the gloom of defeat,
 All with the battle-blood gory,
 In the dusk of eternity meet:
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment-day;
 Under the laurel, the Blue,
 Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
 The desolate mourners go,
 Lovingly laden with flowers
 Alike for the friend and the foe:²
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment-day;
 Under the roses, the Blue,
 Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendour,
 The morning sun-rays fall,
 With a touch impartially tender,
 On the blossoms blooming for all:
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment-day;
 Broidered with gold, the Blue,
 Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

¹ Blue and gray were the colours of the uniforms of the Northern and Southern troops respectively.

² The graves of soldiers and sailors who fell in the American Civil War (1861-65) are decorated on Memorial Day (Decoration Day), May 30th.

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So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain :
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day ;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done ;
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won :
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day ;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red ;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead !
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day ;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

THE FLAG GOES BY

HATS off !
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,

A flash of colour beneath the sky :

• Hats off !

The flag is passing by.

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.

Hats off !

• The colours before us fly ;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State :

Weary marches and sinking ships ;

• Cheers of victory on dying lips ;

Days of plenty and years of peace ;

March of a strong land's swift increase ;

Equal justice, right and law,

Stately honour and reverend awe ;

• Sign of a nation great and strong

To ward her people from foreign wrong :

Pride and glory and honour, — all

Live in the colours to stand or fall.

Hats off !

• Along the street there comes

A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums ;

And loyal hearts are beating high :

Hats off !

The flag is passing by !

HENRY H. BENNETT.

MOTHER ENGLAND

I

THERE was a rover from a western shore,
 England ! whose eyes the sudden tears did drown,
 Beholding the white cliff and sunny down
 Of thy good realm, beyond the sea's uproar.
 I, for a moment, dreamed that, long before,
 I had beheld them thus, when, with the frown
 Of sovereignty, the victor's palm and crown
 Thou from the tilting-field of nations bore.
 Thy prowess and thy glory dazzled first ;
 10 But when in fields I saw the tender flame
 Of primroses, and full-fleeced lambs at play,
 Meseemed I at thy breast, like these, was nursed ;
 Then mother — Mother England ! — home I came,
 Like one who hath been all too long away !

II

11 As nestling at thy feet in peace I lay,
 A thought awoke and restless stirred in me :
 " My land and congeners are beyond the sea,
 Theirs is the morning and the evening day.
 Wilt thou give ear while this of them I say :
 20 ' Haughty art thou, and they are bold and free,
 As well befits who have descent from thee,
 And who have trodden brave the forlorn way.
 Children of thine, but grown to strong estate ;
 Nor scorn fro' thee would they be slow to pay,
 25 Nor check from thee submissly would they bear ;
 Yet, Mother England, yet their hearts are great,
 And if for thee should dawn some darkest day,
 At cry of thine, how proudly would they dare ! ' "

EDITH M. THOMAS.

THE FLAG OF ENGLAND

"The Flag of England," written by Stephen O. Sherman of Boston, was recited for the first time by Mr. Grenville Kleiser of Toronto at Carnegie Lyceum, New York City, on February 2d and 3d, 1900, at the concerts in aid of the Widows and Orphans' Fund in connection with the British soldiery engaged in the Boer War. This poem has earned the distinction of an appreciative letter from Lord Roberts. It was played by the bands in Pretoria (music by Marjorie Dawson) and was heartily welcomed by our forces in South Africa as an American testimony to the valour of our generals and soldiers.

Proud emblem of a mighty race
 That fronts a world in arms,
 And stands "undaunted in its place,
 Unmoved by war's alarms;
 8 On lonely land, on stormy sea,
 Where waves like mountains rise,
 And Britons breathe forever free,
 The flag of England flies.

O'er "thin red line" extending far
 10 Through wilderness and plain,
 Beneath the Southern Cross, the star
 That lights the throbbing main;
 Above the frenzy of the fight,
 The soldier when he dies,
 12 While battling bravely for the right,
 The flag of England flies.

And high above her sailors free,
 Above the hearts of oak
 That "rule the wave" on every sea,
 20 'Mid cannon-flash and smoke;

And high above her castles old,
More loved than merchandise,
Her treasures richer far than gold,
The flag of England flies.

« It floats beneath the tropic stars,
'Mid Arctic storms and snow,
Beside the borealis bars,
The sunset's orient glow ;
Above the southern storm-swept main,
» 'Mid Kaffir shouts and cries,
And o'er the winding country lane,
The flag of England flies.

That torch, forever in the sky,
O'er distant seas and lands,
» Is carried everywhere on high
By Anglo-Saxon hands ;
And where it brightens — progress, thought,
And grateful prayers arise,
Where slaves are never bought nor sold
» The flag of England flies.

Amid the maddened curse and yell,
Amid the sulphurous breath,
From guns that belch the flame of hell
And breathe the fire of death
» On foes determined, who have met
In demon's fitting guise,
'Mid horrid stress, victorious yet,
The flag of England flies.

It points the way to higher planes,
» Resists oppression's course,

And, high above the sacred fane,
Above the busy bourse,
And o'er the bloody, fire-swept hill,
A promise in the skies,
• Throughout the world, triumphant still,
The flag of England flies.

STEPHEN O. SHERMAN.

"GOD SAVE THE KING"¹

GOD save our lord, the King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us, —
God save the King!

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
• And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustate their knavish tricks;
On Thee our hopes we fix;
O save us all!

• Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour, —
Long may he reign!

¹ Originally written by Henry Carey, in 1740, in honour of a birthday of George II. Both words and music are by this writer. The air has preserved its original form, but its harmonies have been modified by successive artists. The words have also undergone slight changes. The air has become a national air of the United States, of the German Empire, of Switzerland, and of Norway.

May he defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause
 To sing with heart and voice,
 "God save the King!"

HENRY CAREY.

CANADIAN OVER ALL¹

Dedicated to the Canadian Clubs of the Dominion

WHEN our fathers crossed the ocean
 In the glorious days gone by,
 They breathed their deep emotion
 In many a tear and sigh,
 Tho' a brighter lay before them
 Than the old, old land that bore them,
 And all the wide world knows now
 That land was Canada.

Then line up and try us,
 Whoever would deny us
 The freedom of our birthright,
 And they 'll find us like a wall,
 For we are Canadian, Canadian forever,
 Canadian forever, Canadian over all.

Our fathers came to win us
 This land beyond recall,
 And the same blood flows within us
 Of Briton, Celt, and Gaul.

¹ This poem has not appeared in any of Dr. Drummond's works. It was written about a year ago for music. It needs only a suitable air to make it a popular Canadian national song from ocean to ocean.

Keep alive each glowing ember
Of our sireland, but remember
That we are Canadian
Whatever may befall.

Then line up and try us,
Whoever would deny us
The freedom of our birthright,
And they 'll find us like a wall,
For we are Canadian, Canadian forever,
Canadian forever, Canadian over all.

Who can blame them, who can blame us,
If we tell ourselves with pride
How a thousand years to tame us
The foe has often tried?
And should e'er the Empire need us
She 'll require no chains to lead us,
For we are Empire's children,
But Canadian over all.

Then line up and try us,
Whoever would deny us
The freedom of our birthright,
And they 'll find us like a wall,
For we are Canadian, Canadian forever,
Canadian forever, Canadian over all.

DR. W. H. DRUMMOND.

CANADA

PATRIOTIC HYMN

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CANADA ! Land of my heart's adoration,
 Canada ! Home of the faithful and true ;
 Thanks be to God who hath made thee a nation,
 Hope of the old world and pride of the new.

CHORUS

Canada, Canada, loyal and free !
 Gem in Britannia's crown ever to be ;
 Spreading broad pinions o'er matchless do-
 minions,
 Canada ! Mother ! Our homage to thee !

Rose and leek, thistle and shamrock combining,
 10 Lilies of France with their blooms manifold,
 Leaves of the maple their beauties entwining,
 Where can the world such a garland behold ?

Sons to watch over thee, dauntless and wary,
 Fairest of daughters to comfort and charm,
 15 Greet thee from mountain, lake, forest, and prairie,
 Queen of the city, the mine, and the farm.

So let our chorus, our hymn of devotion,
 Rise from the border and ring to the pole,
 Eastward and westward, from ocean to ocean,
 20 Never to cease while the centuries roll.

HAROLD BOULTON.

THE MAPLE LEAF FOR EVER

In days of yore, from Britain's shore
Wolfe the dauntless hero came,
And planted firm Britannia's flag
On Canada's fair domain.

Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,
And joined in love together,
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine
The Maple Leaf for ever !

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf for ever !
God save our King and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf for ever !

At Queenston's Heights and Lundy's Lane,
Our brave fathers, side by side,
For freedom, homes, and loved ones dear,
Firmly stood and nobly died ;
And those dear rights which they maintained,
We swear to yield them never !
Our watchword evermore shall be,
The Maple Leaf for ever !

Our fair Dominion now extends
From Cape Race to Nootka Sound ;
May peace for ever be our lot,
And plenteous store abound :
And may those ties of love be ours
Which discord cannot sever,
And flourish green o'er Freedom's home,
The Maple Leaf for ever !

On Merry England's far-famed land
 ☻ May kind Heaven sweetly smile ;
 God bless Old Scotland evermore,
 And Ireland's Emerald Isle !
 Then swell the song both loud and long,
 Till rocks and forest quiver,
 ☻ God save our King, and Heaven bless
 The Maple Leaf for ever !

ALEXANDER MUIR.

MARSEILLAISE HYMN¹

YE sons of France, awake to glory !
 Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise !
 Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary, —
 Behold their tears and hear their cries.
 • Shall hateful tyrants mischiefs breeding,
 With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
 Affright and desolate the land,
 While peace and liberty lie bleeding ?

CHORUS

20 To arms, to arms, ye brave !
 Th' avenging sword unsheathe !
 March on, march on, all hearts resolved
 On victory or death !

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling
 Which treacherous kings confederate raise ;
 ☻ The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
 And lo, our walls and cities blaze.

¹ This hymn was written in 1789, a few days after the fall of the Bastille. In France it has never met with its rival.

And shall we basely view the ruin,
 While lawless force, with guilty stride,
 Spreads desolation far and wide,
 » With crimes and blood his hands imbruining?

With luxury and pride surrounded,
 The vile, insatiate despots dare,
 Their thirst of gold and power unbounded,
 To mete and vend the light and air.
 » Like beasts of burden would they load us,
 Like gods, would bid their slaves adore!
 But man is man, and who is more?
 Then, shall they longer lash and goad us?

O Liberty, can man resign thee,
 » Once having felt thy generous flame?
 Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee?
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
 Too long the world has wept, bewailing
 That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield, —
 » But freedom is our sword and shield,
 And all their arts are unavailing.

ROUGET DE LISLE.

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE¹

This poem and the national songs that follow are taken from the *World's Collection of Patriotic Songs and Airs of Different Nations*, published by Oliver Ditson Company, of Boston, by whose kind permission they are here produced.

A ROAR like thunder strikes the ear,
 Like clang of arms or breakers near,

¹ This song was little known in Germany till 1870, the year of the outbreak of the Franco-German war. Then it suddenly became the battle-cry of the invading German hosts.

Rush forward for the German Rhine !
Who shields thee, dear beloved Rhine ?

CHORUS

8. Dear Fatherland, thou need'st not fear, —
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here !
Dear land, dear Fatherland, thou need'st not fear,
Thy watch, thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here

A hundred thousand hearts beat high,
10 The flash darts forth from ev'ry eye,
For Teutons brave, inured by toil,
Protect their country's holy soil.

When heavenwards ascends the eye,
Our heroes' ghosts look down from high ;
11 We swear to guard our dear bequest,
And shield it with the German breast.

As long as German blood still flows,
The German sword strikes mighty blows.
The German marksmen take their stand,
12 No foe shall tread our native land !

We take the pledge, the stream runs high,
Our banners proud are wafting high ;
On for the Rhine, the German Rhine !
We all die for our native Rhine.

13. Hence, Fatherland, be of good cheer, —
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here !
Dear land, dear Fatherland, thou need'st not fear,
Thy watch, thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here !

MAX SCHNEIDERBURNER.

ITALIAN NATIONAL HYMN

ALL forward ! All forward !

All forward to battle ! the trumpets are crying,
All forward ! All forward ! our old flag is flying,
When Liberty calls us we linger no longer ;
Rebels, come on ! though a thousand to one !
Liberty ! Liberty ! deathless and glorious,
Under thy banner thy sons are victorious,
Free souls are valiant, and strong arms are stronger,
God shall go with us, and battle be won.

CHORUS

10 Hurrah for the banner !
Hurrah for the banner !
Hurrah for our banner, the flag of the free.

All forward ! All forward !

All forward for Freedom ! In terrible splendour
15 She comes to the loyal who die to defend her ;
Her stars and stripes o'er the wild wave of battle
Shall float in the heavens to welcome us on.
All forward ! to glory, tho' life-blood is pouring,
Where bright swords are flashing, and cannons are
roaring ;
20 Welcome to death in the bullet's quick rattle, —
Fighting or falling shall freedom be won.

All forward ! All forward !

All forward to conquer ! Where free hearts are
beating,
Death to the coward who dreams of retreating !

» Liberty calls us from mountain and valley ;
 Waving her banner she leads to the fight.
 Forward ! all forward ! the trumpets are crying ;
 The drum beats to arms, our old flag is flying ;
 Stout hearts and strong hands around it shall rally.
 » Forward to battle, for God and the Right !

AUSTRIAN NATIONAL SONG

GOD uphold thee, mighty Emp'ror,
 Monarch of our Eastern land.
 Power and Wisdom e'er attend thee,
 Righteousness with thee shall stand,
 » Till with laurel crown'd, a victor,
 All hearts bow at thy command.
 God uphold thee, and defend thee,
 Emp'ror of our Austrian land !

Happy flow'ry land ! His sceptre
 » Rules o'er valley, mount, and plain.
 Mildly, calmly, justly ruleth,
 He the people's love would gain.
 Yet his weaponed might in splendour
 Beams thro' all the land amain.
 » God uphold thee, warrior, Father,
 Monarch of the Austrian land !

He delights the poor to cherish,
 He awakes the minstrel's lay,
 He would not that any perish,
 » All admire the gentle sway.
 "Heav'n reward him, God defend him,"
 Thus we sing, and thus we pray.

Kaiser, Emperor, Monarch, Father,
All thy peaceful rule obey!

- » He from bondage will deliver,
He would make us truly free!
- In the German heart shall ever
He the brightest mem'ry be.
- Till in other worlds, a welcome
- » Greets in blest eternity.
God defend thee, God attend thee,
Emp'ror, Franz, all hail to thee!

HASCHEKA.

NATIONAL SONG OF GERMANY

WHERE is the German Fatherland?
Is 't Swabia? is 't Prussia's strand?
Is 't where the Rhine's green vineyards bloom?
Or where the Baltic sea-gulls roam?

- » More grand and free,
The German Fatherland must be,
The German Fatherland must be.
- Where is the German Fatherland?
Bavaria, or Styrian land?
- 10 'T is surely Austria's fertile shores,
Rich in the pride of many wars.
Oh no, more grand,
The limits of the Fatherland,
The limits of the Fatherland.
- » Where is the German Fatherland?
Pom'rania, Westphalian land?

Is 't where the dreary coast-sands lie ?
Or where the Danube dashes by ?

Yet still more grand,
The limits of the Fatherland,
The limits of the Fatherland.

Then name to me the mighty land,
Which is the German's Fatherland ;
Yet Tyrol may the answer tell,
Its land and people pleased me well.

Thou hast not spanned
The limits of the Fatherland,
The limits of the Fatherland.

Where is the German Fatherland ?
Oh, name to me the mighty land.
Where'er is known the German word,
Where German hymns to God are heard.

This it shall be,
This it shall be.
Oh ! German, it belongs to thee,
To none but thee !

All Germany shall be the land ;
Watch o'er it, Heav'n, with saving hand,
And give us strength and courage too,
That we may love it well and true.

This it shall be,
This it shall be.
Oh ! German, it belongs to thee !
This it shall be,
All Germany the land shall be.

GREEK NATIONAL SONG

Sons of Greece, come, arise, see at last our freedom's
hour.

Hellas stands, cloth'd anew, in her ancient bond of
power.

Oh, let the tyrants tremble,
As we in rank assemble !
To arms, to arms, we call,
Ye people, one and all !
To arms, to arms, we call,
Ye people, one and all !

The sword ! the sword ! the sword ! the sword ! the
sword ! the sword !

10 To arms, to arms, we call,
Ye people, one and all !
To arms, to arms, we call,
Ye people, one and all !

Fear ye not, sons of Greece, that ye few are, or
forsaken ;

11 Europe now doth arise, — she your cause in arms
has taken.

Roumelians fam'd in story,
Morea's sons of glory !
Arise, and dash the brand
In all the Turkish land !
Arise, and dash the brand
In all the Turkish land !

12 The brand ! the brand ! the brand ! the brand ! the
brand ! the brand !

Arise, and dash the brand
In all the Turkish land !

“ Arise, and dash the brand
In all the Turkish land !

Hark ! oh hark ! Hellas' maid groans beneath the
yoke appalling !

Hear ye not ? help ! oh help ! on her sons is Hellas
calling.

To burst her bonds asunder ;
To break the yoke she 's under !
To raise towards the sky
Proud sign of victory !
To raise towards the sky
Proud sign of victory !

“ The sword ! the sword ! the sword ! the sword ! the
sword ! the sword !

To raise towards the sky
Proud sign of victory !
To raise towards the sky
Proud sign of victory !

“ Oh, ye Greeks, be but brave, the barbarians do
spising,

They are mean, they are bad, though in endless
numbers rising.

From slavery we 'll sever !
Ha ! liberty forever !
Now forward through the flood,
Through foemen's crimson blood !
Now forward through the flood,
Through foemen's crimson blood !

“ The sword ! the sword ! the sword ! the sword ! the
sword ! the sword !

Now forward through the flood,
Through foemen's crimson blood !

Now forward through the flood,
Through foemen's crimson blood !

NATIONAL SONG OF HOLLAND

Let him in whom old Dutch blood flows,
Untainted, free, and strong ;
Whose heart for Prince and country glows,
Now join us in our song ;
Let him with us lift up his voice,
And sing in patriot band,
The song at which all hearts rejoice,
For Prince and Fatherland,
For Prince and Fatherland !

10 We brothers, true unto a man,
Will sing the old song yet ;
Away with him, whoever can
His Prince or land forget !
A human heart glow'd in him ne'er,
11 We turn from him our hand,
Who callous hears the song and pray'r
For Prince and Fatherland,
For Prince and Fatherland !

12 Preserve, O God, the dear old ground
Thou to our fathers gave ;
The land where we a cradle found,
And where we 'll find a grave !
We call, O Lord, to Thee on high,
As near death's door we stand,
13 Oh ! safety, blessing, is our cry,
For Prince and Fatherland,
For Prince and Fatherland !

Loud ring thro' all rejoicings here,
 Our pray'r, O Lord, to Thee !
 » Preserve our Prince, his House, so dear
 To Holland, great and free !
 From youth thro' life, be this our song,
 Till near to death we stand ;
 O God, preserve our sov'reign long,
 » Our Prince and Fatherland,
 Our Prince and Fatherland !

PATRIOTIC SONG OF IRELAND

Oh ! blest be the days when the Green Banner
 floated,
 Sublime o'er the mountains of free Innisfail,
 When her sons to her glory and freedom devoted,
 Defied the invader to tread her soil,
 » When back o'er the main they chas'd the Dane,
 And gave to religion and learning their spoil,
 When valour and mind together combined ;
 But wherefore lament o'er the glories departed,
 Her stars shall shine out with as vivid a ray,
 » For ne'er had she children more brave and true-
 hearted
 Than those she now sees on Saint Patrick's day.

Her sceptre, alas ! pass'd away to the stranger ;
 And treason surrendered what valour had held ;
 But true hearts remain'd amid darkness and dan-
 ger,
 » Which, spite of her tyrants, would not be quelled.
 Oft, oft, thro' the night flash'd gleams of light,
 Which almost the darkness of bondage dispell'd ;

But a star now is near, her heaven to cheer,
Not like the wild gleams which so fitfully darted,
But long to shine down with its hallowing ray,
On daughters as fair and sons as true-hearted
As Erin beholds on Saint Patrick's day.

Oh ! blest be the hour, when bogirt by her cannon,
And hailed as it rose by a Nation's applause,
That flag waved aloft o'er the spire of Dungannon,
Asserting for Irishmen, Irish Laws.
Once more shall it wave, o'er hearts as brave,
Despite of the dastards who mock at her cause,
And like brothers agreed, whatever their creed,
Her children, inspired by those glories departed,
No longer in darkness desponding will stay,
But join in her cause like the brave and true-hearted,
Who rise for their rights on Saint Patrick's day.

PATRIOTIC SONG OF NORWAY

O sons of Norway, the bold ancient kingdom,
Sing forth her praise to the harp's sweetest tone !
Now in your freedom proclaim her proud story ;
Gladly to honour your Norway alone !
Homage and glory now,
Find in her story now !
Tell to the world how her patriots would live !
Swells ev'ry heart, now, and glows ev'ry cheek,
While honour to Norway in glad song we give.
Mountains with snow-caps, and valleys so fruitful !
Seas filled with fish in abundance for all !

Ah! how we love thee, with love that endureth!
 Glad at thy summons, for thee would we fall!
 Dearest and native land,
 For thee we e'er would stand,
 Firm in defense as the Norsemen of yore!
 Prosper and thrive in thy glory and strength,
 Till the dark waves no longer resound on thy
 shore.

MINDENE.

POLISH NATIONAL SONG

POLAND 's not yet dead in slav'ry,
 She once more shall reign ;
 What she lost her children's brav'ry
 Soon will free again !
 Skrzynecki leads us on, —
 Hark ! the battle fray is raging ;
 Poland shall be free !
 Crush all tyranny !

CHORUS

Skrzynecki leads us on, —
 Hark ! the battle fray is raging ;
 Poland shall be free !
 Crush all tyranny !

Polish blood's already flowing,
 But our swords are drawn.
 Hope in each brave heart is glowing —
 All to fight are gone !
 Skrzynecki leads us on, —
 Hark ! the battle fray is raging ;
 Poland shall be free !
 Crush all tyranny !

See the Czar's great army shatter'd
 In its proud array !
 See his conquer'd legions scatter'd.
 Poles have gain'd the day !
 Skrzyniecki leads us on, —
 Hark ! the battle fray is raging ;
 Poland shall be free !
 Crush all tyranny !

Dear white eagles, fly ye ever
 O'er us, proud and free !
 Ev'ry bond to-day we 'll sever
 Of foul tyranny.
 Skrzyniecki leads us on, —
 Hark ! the battle fray is raging ;
 Poland shall be free !
 Crush all tyranny !

TURKISH PATRIOTIC SONG

ONCE the Sultan of the world, he spake, and lo !
 the soldiers all
 Ready stood, encas'd in armour, at their mighty
 ruler's call.
 Once the Sultan of the world, he spake, and lo ! the
 soldiers all
 Ready stood, encas'd in armour, at their mighty
 ruler's call.
 In his cause, like men of valour,
 Then became both young and old,
 In his cause, like men of valour, then became both
 young and old. —
 God will help us save the Sultan, 'neath whose
 shadow all are bold !

140 *POEMS OF THE LOVE OF COUNTRY*

Then the soldiers fought and conquer'd, near and
distant they were fam'd,
* Nations all, with fear and trembling, feats of won-
drous prowess nam'd.

Then the soldiers fought and conquer'd, near and
distant they were fam'd,
Nations all, with fear and trembling, feats of won-
drous prowess nam'd.

All who heard admired their valour,
When the warlike deeds were told,
* All who heard admired their valour, when the war-
like deeds were told. —

God will help us save the Sultan, 'neath whose
shadow all are bold !

Mighty was th' Imperial army, ever mightier it grew,
North and south, and east and west, all lands the
name of Turkey knew !

Mighty was th' Imperial army, ever mightier it grew,
* North and south, and east and west, all lands the
name of Turkey knew !

Honoured high was then our ruler,
He unbounded sway did hold,
Honoured high was then our ruler, he unbounded
sway did hold. —

Lord, oh, help us save the Sultan, 'neath whose
shadow all are bold !

* Turks, ha ! saved with God's assistance, shall our
noble monarch be,

He 'll Constantinople's children make again both
rich and free !

Turks, ha ! saved with God's assistance, shall our
noble monarch be,

He 'll Constantinople's children make again both rich
and free !

Rich and happy he will make them,
Like in glorious days of old,
Rich and happy he will make them, like in glorious
days of old. —
Lord, oh, help us save the Sultan, 'neath whose
shadow all are bold !

RIDGE'S PACHA.

PATRIOTIC SONG OF WALES¹

MEN of Harlech ! In the hollow,
Do ye hear, like rushing billow,
Wave on wave that surging follow,
Battle's distant sound ?
"T is the tramp of Saxon foemen,
Saxon spearmen, Saxon bowmen, —
Be they knights, or hinds, or yeomen,
They shall bite the ground !
Loose the folds asunder,
Flag we conquer under !
The placid sky now bright on high
Shall launch its bolts in thunder !
Onward ! 't is our country needs us,
He is bravest, he who leads us !
" Honour's self now proudly heads us !
Freedom ! God, and Right.

¹ Harlech Castle stands on a lofty rock upon the sea-shore of Merionethshire. By the order of King Edward IV, the Earl of Pembroke led a powerful army against Harlech and demanded its surrender. After a long siege the intrepid defenders of the castle were obliged by famine to capitulate.

Rocky steeps and passes narrow,
 Flash with spear and flight of arrow,
 Who would think of death or sorrow ?
 » Death is glory now !
 Hurl the reeling horseman over,
 Let the earth dead foemen cover !
 Fate of friend, of wife, of lover
 Trembles on a blow !
 » Strands of life are riven ;
 Blow for blow is given,
 In deadly lock, or battle shock,
 And mercy shrieks to heaven !
 Men of Harlech ! young or hoary,
 » Would you win a name in story ?
 Strike for home, for life, for glory !
 Freedom ! God, and Right !

Translated by Wm. DUTHIE.

“IMA TOKI NARU ZO”

“Now’s THE TIME”

Translated from the Japanese by A. Lloyd.¹

(A popular ballad which I found with this refrain in a Japanese magazine. I have translated it fairly literally, with the exception of the last stanza, which contained a play upon words which it was quite out of my power to reproduce. The piety of the last stanza is a little accentuated in the translation. — A. LLOYD.)

WIDE as the firmament above
 Spreads over us our country’s love,
 While deeper far than ocean’s bed
 Our Sovereign’s mercy doth us stead.
 » Your gratitude now would you show ?
 Ima toki naru zo.

¹ This poem first appeared in *The Independent*, New York, a few months after the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War.

Heroes of the Sacred Land,
In grim array of war that stand,
Sworn to defend your country's right
10 With steeled hearts and fists clenched tight,
Your loyal bravery would you show?
Ima toki naru zo.

Man's life is but a little space:
In fifty years he's run his race;
15 Sooner or later he must die;
With chivalry and loyalty
To death for Japan would ye go?
Ima toki naru zo.

Heroes that, all along the shore,
20 Lest the fierce foe his army pour
Into these isles, stand sentinel,
Do your duty brave and well.
The hour of danger would ye know?
Ima toki naru zo.

25 Trusty seamen of the fleet,
Would ye know when best to meet
Your foe with storm of shot and shell,
From every floating citadel,
From guns above and guns below?
30 Ima toki naru zo.

Would you know when best to hurl
Through black of night and running swirl
The fell torpedo dealing death?
Would you, holding fast your breath
35 Deal the swift and secret blow?
Ima toki naru zo.

144 POEMS OF THE LOVE OF COUNTRY

Now's the time for deeds of fame ;
Small your country, great her name.
Bear and watch, endure and toil,
" Think of glory, not of spoil,
Strike, and heaven direct the blow !
Ima toki naru zo.

